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Heart-Tones and Other Poems.

Heart-Tones

And Other Poems



D. O'Kelly Branden

(Rev. Dominic Brennan, C. P.)

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Quaker
N Y.

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TO THE

Rev. Patrick Cronin, D. D.

TO ONE WHO HATH SO OFTEN
SPOKEN THE FIRST WORD OF
CHEER TO THE STRUGGLING;
TO A TRUE FATHER, FRIEND,
PRIEST, AND POET, ARE THESE
HUMBLE LINES DEDICATED



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Poems of the Sentiments.

Poems of the Sentiments.

HEART-TONES.

THEY say it is singing —
 Mayhap it is song.
Methought 'twas soul-sighing —
Oft naught but soul-crying
O'er cherished hopes dying,
 O'er hopes buried long.

They say it is singing —
 Nay, it is not song.
'Tis but the upwelling
Of spirit, rebelling
Against the mad knelling
 Of sorrow and wrong.

They say it is singing —
 Aye! more than a song.
'Tis e'en the Eternal
Putting down the Infernal,
Bidding on to supernal
 Spirit noble and strong.

THE CHANGING SEA.

GLOOM.

I STOOD by the sea when the waves rolled high,
And I heard but the moan of the billow
As it rose, like a mount in the distant sky,
Then broke o'er the sea with a plaintive sigh,
Ere it sank to rest
On a rolling crest,
Like a giant on his mountain pillow.
And my soul was sad ; for hope had fled,
And darker seemed the morrow :
And I thought it were better to be of the dead
Than live here haunted by fear and dread,
And rest from the deep
In unending sleep
'Neath its sheltering waves to borrow !

GLEAM.

I stood by the sea when its breast was calm ;
And it shone with a gleam of splendor
As its bosom rose like the waving palm,
And its murmur came like a soothing balm,
As if each swell
The love would tell
Of the kissing wavelets tender !

And my soul was glad with heavenly joy,
That made the future brighter ;
For it spoke of peace without alloy,
Which naught but sin could e'er destroy.

And I saw that life
Was not all strife ;
And my soul, for the sight, was lighter.



WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

WHAT is worth while? Ah, nothing
That soon must cease to be,
For ne'er may the heart's true longings
Rest, but in eternity.

What is worth while? Not falseness !
For a lie doth live but a day.
What is worth while? Not worry !
It eats the heart's life away.

What is worth while? Complaining?
Nay ! for it bringeth but gloom.
What is worth while? Self-seeking?
It taketh from life its bloom.

What is worth while? 'Tis grasping
The hope of the present hour.
What is worth while? 'Tis toiling
To perfect each wakening power.

What is worth while? 'Tis gladness,
That lightens the pressing load.
What is worth while? 'Tis loving
Each toiler we meet on the road.

What is worth while? 'Tis duty,
That strengthens the doubting heart.
What is worth while? 'Tis friendship,
That bears of life's wrongs a part.

What is worth while? Ah, sorrow,
That purgeth life's dross away.
What is worth while? Believing
Life's night shall become endless day !



LOVE'S VINTAGE.

'T WAS a pressing,
Sacred vintage rare !
Merc'less trod man's feet the wine press ;
Only woman's heart was there.

Lo ! First pressing.
Nectar rich, divine.
First love's cradle-hopes — wild bleedings.—
Drink it ! Love's first maddening wine.

Second pressing !
Still man's feet do grind.
Paler drips the crushed heart's doubtings ;
Love *may* not love's satings find.

Lo ! last pressing.
None but gods drink here.
Crush the lifeless heart ; it bleats not !
Love's best vintage is a tear.

SOUL-STIRRINGS.

DOUBT.

IS it all a seeming?
All the heart's fond dreaming,
All the glad rays gleaming
O'er the blessed bourne!
But to doom alluring,
Sirenlike assuring,
Victims sad securing
Fated but to mourn?

Dawns no restful morrow
On surcease of sorrow?
May the heart ne'er borrow
Hope from promised rest?
Shall the soul's devotion,
Tossed with sad commotion
On life's stormful ocean,
Win no haven blest?

CONFIDENCE.

Thus mused I, hope reviling
While heaven's orbs were smiling,
Angellike beguiling
Wearied souls above.

Sweet their hymn descended,
With my heart-tones blended;
Both to God ascended
In a prayer of love.

“ Who in thee confideth,
Strong his hope abideth;
E'en though hell derideth,
Bright the dawn shall be.
Hope care's tempest quelleth:
Loud joy's glad hymn swelleth,
Endless peace foretelleth,
Where no change shall be.”



IMAGINATION.

I.

I AM the seer !
And the night
And the day
And the depths
And the heights,
With their hidden things, are mine,
And are known,
For I see !

II.

I am the bard !
And the beauties
Of the morn
And the eve,
With their throbbings, heart to heart,
And their sobbings ;
With their pleadings, part to part,
And their bleedings ;
With their longings naught can sate,
And their dreamings irisate ;
They are mine,
For I sing !

III.

I am the doer !
And the heats
Of the noon,
And the burdens,
With the fever and the fret,
And the hopes unanswered yet,
And the sorrow-born day ;
And the morrow,
With its sighings, alway ;
And the dyings ;
They are mine,—
All are mine,
For I dream !

OCTOBER.

DEAR October, month of sighing,
Sere October, month of dying,
Sighing for the fled September,
Crying 'gainst the dread November,
Hearsing all September's glory
In December's bosom hoary,
Vain would autumn ripeness beard thee ;
Winter's warning breath hath seared thee.
Fruit and flower and golden frondage
Stricken, sunk in death's dull bondage,
Yet with hope of resurrection
Unto springtide's new perfection.

Sere October, month of dying,
Drear October, month of sighing,
Sighing for life's fled September,
Crying 'gainst the dread November ;
Must we hearse life's summer glory
In chill winter's bosom hoary ?
Vain must fruitful autumn beard thee,
Winter's blighting breath hath seared thee.
Love and joy and hope celestial
Sunk in void and tomb terrestrial.
Nay ! Thence cometh resurrection
Into Christ's divine perfection.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THERE is never a joy, but a sorrow
Sheds round it a chilling gloom ;
Never a hope, but the morrow
Forecasts its fated doom ;

Never a pain, but a pleasure
Follows quick in its train ;
Never a loss, but a treasure
Comes with its lasting gain ;

Never a birth, but a dying
Sad beckons us on to the tomb ;
Never a death, but defying
Life springs forth anew from the womb.

Thus life is but sorrow-bought gladness,
Fleet pleasure oft steeped in gall,
Joy overmastering sadness,
Hope lighting our funeral pall.

HOPE.

IT was night o'er the troubled ocean ;
It was night o'er my troubled soul,
As I watched each heaving motion,
As I watched each restless roll.

And the Deep cried : " Never ! never
Shall the wearied soul find rest
So long as aught may sever
The bonds love's hope hath blessed."

And I asked the heaving ocean
If it washed no peaceful shore,
Where ceaseless care's commotion
Would never haunt us more?

And a voice came back on the billow,
" There is rest alone for the brave,
And none but the brave shall pillow
Their heads in a peaceful grave."

Then my soul grew strong within me
And my troubled spirit calm,
For a valiant arm might win me
Life's care-assuaging balm.

And a voice from the blessed haven
Came over the blessed sea,
“Despair be the lot of the craven,
But hope for the valiant be.”



A MOAN.

I.

ON a ragged reef,
In the moanings of the sea
And the sand-winds from the lea
Wrapped, knelt a soul forlorn
In her maiden grief,
Burdened with the *past*
And the *now* and the *to be*.

II.

Scorn and hate in her eyes,
Looks she on the surf and the sea
As this moans, and that dies
On the crags ; and she cries,
“ Thus I break, thus I die
When my ocean love recedes,
Leaving life’s path stone-strewn,
As he flees,
Sharp-edged and cruel.”
And on this side and that
Sad she sees
All life’s way, bristling brush —
Heavy, thorn-laden brush —
Love’s pain-decrees.

III.

Then harsh words and hard from her lips :
“ What care I if those stones cut,
Bruise my feet, and fret ?
What care I if those thorns
Rive my heart and rend ?
For their barbèd spikes bore no blood,
For that life-love-warm blood
Has been sipped.
And when my ocean love ebbs in,
I will sink in his deeps
And shall sleep.”



THERE IS NO PEACE.

DEEP in the sullen, surging ocean
Ever mad battle is raging.
High in the murky sky the storm fiends
War elemental are waging.

Far in the matted, lawless jungle
Lion is lamb devouring.
Low in the languid, sleeping valley
Vulture o'er victim is lowering.

E'en in the vaunted councils of nations
Might against right is debating.
E'en in the infant crib the tyrant
His first vanquished foe is awaiting.

Peace there is none on the earth ! 'Tis but battle
Ruling with scepter infernal.
Peace there is none among men ! 'Tis but struggle
Waging life's warfare eternal.

MORN.

IT was morn on the beautiful sea,
And a calm
Like a balm
Had soothed restless ocean and me.

All the night had the sea tossed and moaned,
And my soul
At each roll
In its care-haunted depths heaved and groaned.

O'er this tempest-tossed, shoreless sea's breast
Hung a gloom,
While the tomb
Seemed to beckon to its cheerless rest.

But at last came the heaven-sent light,
And its beam
Sent a gleam
Through the soul-chilling horrors of night,

And I saw angels smile through the dawn;
And the gloom
Of the tomb
Like the flight of a shadow was gone.

THE POET.

THE poet stood by the raging sea ;
He felt its maddened swell in his soul.
Steeping his pen in its bitter brine,
He wrote an ode to its restless roll.
Men said : "'Tis but despair's sad toll !"

The poet roamed through a lovely vale ;
Morn blushed around him fresh and fair.
Wetting his pen in the diamond dew,
He wrote a hymn to her beauty rare.
Men said : "'Tis but a matin prayer !"

The poet gazed on the dying sun
Gilding with splendor the even-sky.
He dyed his pen in its golden hues,
And wrote an ode that might never die.
Men said : "'Tis but for rest a cry !"

The poet stood 'neath the midnight dome,
Where myriad lamps spread hopeful gleam.
Dipping his pen in a glowing orb,
He wrote a hymn to night supreme.
Men said : "'Tis the murmur of angels' dream !"

The poet mixed with his brother men —
Shared their burdens of grief and wrong.
Steeping his pen in a stricken heart,
He wrote to soothe the care-sick throng.
Men heard, and cried, “This,—this is song !”



VICTORY.

I LOVE the night's soft beauty,
I love the blushing dawn,
I love the peaceful even
When heats of day are gone.

Morn bids the heart be hopeful;
Night tells of blessed rest;
Eve ends the day's sad burdens,
Which had the heart oppressed.

But peace comes after battle,
And rest when toil is done;
Hope leads to brave endeavor,
By which joy's crown is won.

Hence let night's soothing beauty,
Morn's blush, and even's smile,
But nerve the spirit bravely
To meet day's heats and toil.

For across death's gloomy valley
We see the eternal hills,
Where the Sun of an endless dawning
Each conquering spirit thrills.

And we hear the songs of gladness
Borne on the trembling air :
“ Here night and eve and morning
Blend in one noonday fair.”

And the Lamb is the Lamp of Glory
That lights this blessed day,
Whence change and toil and sorrow
Have forever passed away.



IN MEMORIAM.

HATH drooped a lily thou didst love?
Weep not ; it bloometh still above.
Its calyx pure hath grown more white
Beneath God's own celestial light.

Mayhap it was too pure for earth ;
God called it hence to crown its worth,
Where no more fading, no more gloom
Hath place, but one eternal bloom.

Such passing is not death, but life ;
It leadeth hence from sin and strife.
The Christ hath called her : 'tis not loss ;
'Tis one more lily 'neath the cross !

It bloometh now where spot nor stain
Nor aught of gloom shall come again.
When thou shalt claim it as thine own,
It shall to heavenly grace have grown.

Then raise thine eyes ; bid grief depart !
Be Christ consoler to thy heart.
He points to endless life on high ;
They truly live who Christlike die !

RESURRECTION.

MIGHTY cradle ! Mighty tomb !
Mother earth,
On thy breast
Men of worth
Rose and rest,
Wrought their glory, wrought their doom !

Clasp thou fondly what is holy,
Hallowed dust !
What engendered,
(Dust to dust)
They have rendered.

Spirit unto Him returneth,
Who hath given.
Life for life untrammelled, yearneth,
And hath striven ;
Striving, longing, striving ever
With a ceaseless, strong endeavor.
Lowly part to thee confiding,
Till the trump's dread call shall bid them
Where, in deathless life abiding,
Spirit of earth's chains shall rid them.

“Seed of glory! Seed of sorrow!”

Mother earth,

In thy breast

Sin and worth

Rot and rest

Side by side till the dread morrow.

Endless those shall be thy shame;

Endless these thy noblest fame!



LIFE.

LIFE is not the serried years,
Joyous yesterdays and morrows ;
'Tis the record of our tears,
 Blighted hopes, and blighting sorrows.

THE YEAR.

OUT of the womb of winter
 Leapeth the lusty spring ;
Over her nakedness summer
 Her flower-decked robes shall fling.
Autumn shall garner the fruitage
 Radiant summer gave,
Leaving the flowers to wither
 On winter's cheerless grave.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT is life? Is it fame
 Won at man's whole debasing?
What is life? Is it pleasure,
 Man's godlike soul effacing?
What is life? Is it power
 Swayed o'er some meeker brother?
What is life? Is it wealth
 Snatched from some weaker other?
This is life! It is love
 Clasping all man's world communion.
This is life! It is heart
 Throbbing in love's world reunion.
This is life! It is will
 Urging ever good's volition.
This is life! It is mind
 Thinking error's abolition.
This is life! It is Christ
 Heart and mind and will informing.
This is life! It is man
 To Christ's brotherhood conforming.

LONGINGS.

OUT in the vast world somewhere
Singeth a heart for me :
Raptured and sweet ring the carols
O'er the dark, turbulent sea :
Almost I hear them and answer,
Lifted a moment from strife ;
Almost they melt to a music
The crash and the clang of my life.

Out in the vast world somewhere
Yearneth a spirit for mine,
Lone in the hurrying millions,
Faint with a hunger divine.
Wait, spirit, a little space longer ;
Why, haply tomorrow we meet !
Sing, heart, ever sweeter and stronger ;
I come, and the song is complete !

WINTER WARNINGS.

FAST wanes the fruitful autumn time,
When winter's king from frozen clime
Sends forth his first bechilling breath—
Drear warning of the year's sad death.

On radiant leaf and fruit and flower,
He stamps the seal of his dread power.
Their mellow tints grow dull and sere;
The year's last agony is near.

He paints the frondage golden bright,
To lull it for his cursed blight.
Then sends his wind-wings whizzing by
To drown in rage the dying cry.

All bleeding, sere and bruised they fall,
To make for earth a funeral pall.
In death, fruit, flower, and frondage rest
Upon their martyred mother's breast.

SPIRIT WORLDS.

NATURE is freighted with cursings and blessings

Whispered or hissed into her mighty ear.
Harrowed with anguish, cheered with caressings,
Soul-crucifyings the dull cannot hear.

Spirits are yearning in love unrequited,
Chaste victims wasting in silence away.
Spirits are yearning for shadow-forms sighted,
Beckoning onward with mocking display.

Summer's soft zephyrs are naught but soul-sighings ;
Heart lisps to heart in nature's vast breast.
Autumn's deep moanings are love's sadder dyings
Sinking in anguish to unblessed rest.

Hope lispeth gently in spring's softest pleadings ;
Youth flings its longings throughout life's glad
bloom ;
Into chill winter's breast drops love's heart-bleed-
ings ;
Wild screams the victor, death, o'er love's still
tomb.

THE YEARS.

To Father Cronin, March 1, 1896.

GREAT heart! the varied years have served
thee well,

Expanding thy great soul to every claim
Of man's vast brotherhood in Christ; thy aim
To sound for aye dark error's lasting knell,
And truth's all-freeing power aloud to tell.
Dared tyrant raise his arm, upon his name
Thy voice did fix the fitting brand of shame,
Till men longed for that sound and loved it well.
Great teacher, we have learned to sit and hear
The words of wisdom and of beauty; may
The years still spare thee for thy Christlike task—
To soothe the troubled heart, to dry the tear
Of misery, and wrong's dark deeds unmask,
That all may know whom knowing all revere.

DEATH.

O BITTER, sad reality of life —
Remorseless Death! What though aught
else doth fail,
Thy merc'less power must o'er all prevail;
Proud, heartless victor in unhallowed strife!
'Gainst thy dull realm rebellion e'er is rife.
Thou gruesome monarch of a gruesome world,
Where floats thy pirate banner never furled,
Where deadly smites thy never-sparing knife,
Nor laughing infant eyes with thee have power,
Nor youth, nor age, to stay thy fated hour,
I know thy love-void, soul-bechilling stare;
Thou art a hideous, hated, hateful thing.
Oft had I cursed thee in my mad despair
Had Christ not robbed thee of thy sin-born sting.

CRESCIT EUNDO.

Onward and Upward.

I.

OUT from our spirit is calling
The voice of the imaged God,
“Onward and upward” forever,
Casting from us this prison of clod!
Upward to all that is noble,
Onward to all that is true!
The old and the sordid behind us,
Before us the high and the new.

II.

Down through the ages are calling
Voices of bard, sage, and saint;
Bidding us onward and upward,
Never to falter or faint,—
On to where Beauty holds scepter,
On to where Truth rules supreme,
On to where Virtue is striving
To rival e'en Sanctity's dream.

III.

"I am the monarch," sings Beauty :
 "Come with your hopes and your fears ;
Come to the heights where the poet
 Far, far beyond time's limit peers ;
Where hope glints and gleams in God's sunshine,
 That banisheth gloom away ;
Where never is night or the noon heat,
 But ever the gold dawn of day.
Come onward to me from the rabble
 That sleeps in earth's filth and gloom,
Come upward to me from the valley,
 Where lower fell mists of the tomb."

IV.

"Come unto me," singeth Reason,
 "For mine is the seen and the known.
Choice fruits of the ages I've gathered
 Wherever earth's sages have sown :
Truth—it is mine—and the glories
 Of science and wisdom sublime ;
Well have I garnered the fruitage
 Begotten of genius and time.
Onward to me from the rabble—
 Spawn of the night and a lie!—
Upward to me from false pastures!
 Who feedeth on error must die."

V.

“Come higher to me,” pleadeth Virtue,
“For Beauty and Truth both are mine;
Ever their goal is the human;
Lead I to end all divine,
Where heart finds its longings sated,
Where mind rests in truth’s embrace.
Well guide I the will till man gazeth
Entranced on the Master’s bright face.
Onward to me from the rabble
That wallows in sense and in sin!
Upward to me e’en to Calvary!
There alone shall we victory win.”

VI.

Out of our spirit is calling
The voice of the imaged God.
Onward and upward forever,
Where saints, bards, and sages have trod.
“Onward and upward, God’s gospel!”
Nature doth loudly proclaim;
“Onward to victory and glory!
Upward from failure and shame!”

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love! Who knows its sacred
power,
Since God himself to it doth seem to bow?
What marvel Satan should before it cower
And vice assume pure virtue's radiant brow?
But 'tis omniscient, e'en though passions lower
And guile would seek to ruin its loved one now:
It knows nor year, nor day, nor stated hour;
For love would love no moment lose allow.
A mother's love is naught but mother's life:
Though lips be mute, her heart breathes constant
prayer
That Heaven guard her darlings from all strife;
Her fondest longing is their ills to bear;
And though ingratitude would sheathe its knife
Deep in her heart, her love would clasp it there.

A MOTHER'S HATE.

A MOTHER'S hate! Who dares to say the
word?

Can one beget, and what begotten hate?
Such God-belying thing were never heard;
Such love-destroying contradiction great.
And yet 'twere so; hate *has* a mother stirred
With wrathful ire revenge could never sate,
Till life itself seemed for naught else conferred
Than prove love may to rage degenerate.
Than disappointed love naught fiercer lives;
More fierce as higher were the hopes deceived,
Till every moment newer ardor gives;
Increased by satisfaction, not relieved:
And when the source of frustrate hope hath rise
In mother's love, life lasting never dies.

AN ALLEGORY.

ALL the long, dread night the tempest
Had raged through forest and vale,
Moaning o'er rugged mountains
Like some lost spirit's wail ;

But at morn the mount rose peaceful,
And the valley lay silent and calm,
And the grain in the meadow was swaying
Like the swell of the wind-waved palm.

Then I entered the somber forest
Where all night the storm-fiends rode ;
And rack and ruin were scattered
Where'er their death-hoofs trode.

One great giant oak had wrestled
With the storm through the long, long night ;
And it rose from each blast of destruction,
Like a warrior in dauntless might

Till the storm fiends, screaming madly,
Rushed on with a frantic sweep,
As they followed the Storm King's chariot,
Who ruleth the restless deep.

And they smote the oak like a tempest
Smiteth the sinking ship,
And they seized on its goodly branches
With a merc'less, deadly grip ;

And that mighty oak seemed vanquished,
For it bowed its stately head,
And its sweeping arms hung helpless.
Cried the fiends, "'Tis dead ! 'Tis dead !''

But at dawn I gazed delighted :
'Twas not fated yet to die,
For its own dear youthful saplings
Held its noble head on high !

And each fruitful autumn decked it
With garlands of purest gold,
While its saplings stood round their monarch
Like a mighty host of old.

Till the weight of life's winter smote it
More kind than that deadly storm,
And calm on its couch eternal
It stretched its mighty form,

Where its saplings, arms are waving
Over its sacred breast,
Sighing a loving requiem
For its eternal rest.

SEPARATION.

IT was dawn, and the gold of the eastern sky
Shed its sheen o'er mountain and vale ;
And our spirits were blithe as the breath of the morn,
And glad as the notes on zephyr-wings borne,
Wafting heavenward earth's matin hail.

Hand in hand we began life's journey with joy,
As morn cheered the way with its hope ;
And we heeded not sorrow that lowered in the sky,
For the gloom and the gleam in a moment went by
As we dared with life's battles to cope.

But the day grew apace, and the noon pressed us
close
With its soul-wearing toil and heat.
Oft blighted hope's relics saddened the past,
And oft was the future with sorrow o'ercast,
As life's night swept on sullen and fleet.

With a press of the hand still we bore bravely on ;
'Twas Duty that guided us now,
While courage was read in each brotherly glance
And victory beckoned to noble advance,
Up, up to the mount's blessed brow !

But the height it was rugged and lone and steep,
And death's torrent rolled down its dark side.
With a shock like the tempest it swept us atwain :
And I sought and I sorrowed, sought and sorrowed
in vain ;
Alone must I brave the dread tide.

Yet I caught a soft murmur coming over the sea
Like a zephyr's sigh sinking to rest ;
And it fell on my soul like a saved spirit's cry :
“ Onward, O brother ! we never can die.
Peace waiteth in God's haven blest.”

And ever, forever, though left here alone,
Methinketh his voice bids me cheer ;
And oft have I dreamed doth he near me abide,
Aiding my feeble steps up the mount's side,
From my heart keeping all blasting fear.

And soon shall I reach that mount's blessed top,
Whence glideth life's placid sea ;
And over its bosom to God's loving breast
Together our spirits shall glide unto rest,
Where parting shall nevermore be !

Patriotic Poems.

Patriotic Poems.

ERIN'S MARTYRS.

THE martyred dead of Ireland
Have hallowed every clime
Where Celtic blood and Celtic dust,
Where martial arm and patriot trust
Proclaim her deeds sublime.

Not by the tyrant's throne alone
Have Erin's martyrs bled,
Where tyranny's gory priestess stood,
Drunk with the patriot's sacred blood,
With which her lips are red.

Where'er oppression's arm was raised,
There Celt was seen to fall;
On soil where Moslem tyranny reigns,
On Europe's blood-encrimsoned plains,
They died at freedom's call.

Their bones have bleached on Afric's sands,
In far Australian wild ;
And here where freedom rules alone
On battlefield the Celt is known—
Her dauntless, noble child.

And as his lifeblood ebbs away
Upon some alien shore,
His last fond thought is of the land
Crushed helpless 'neath the tyrant's hand.
Is it to rise no more ?

No ! As Judea's seer of old
Saw Israel's bones arise,
So Heaven's breath shall spirit give
And Erin's martyred sons shall live
'Neath freedom's deathless skies !

ERIN'S LYRE.

HOW can we sing the Celtic songs
In alien tongue and land?
How can we wake the silent lyre?
How can we feed song's sacred fire
On solemn theme and grand?

When by the waters of Babylon
Sat Zion's sons and wept,
Voiceless their lyres on the willows hung;
No theme inspired from their prophets rung,
Who captive vigil kept.

Yet would the tyrant hear the bard
Jehovah had inspired.
Then struck the seer the startled strings:
Loud on each note malediction rings—
Each captive breast was fired!

Then rose their voice like the swelling storm,
Led by the prophet's prayer:
"Palsied his tongue who abandons thee!
Blasted and withered his right hand be
Who forgetteth Zion fair!

Judge thou, O Lord, in Jerusalem's hour,
Edom's children proud,
Who thus have laid thy temple low,
Who struck thy people with tyrant blow,
Boasting their victory loud.

Blessed is he who with measure meet
Babylon shall repay."
Persian and Mede like a mighty shock
Came,—dashed "the little ones" 'gainst the rock.
Babylon passed away.

Oft Celt hath sung in alien tongue,
Crushed 'neath the tyrant's hand.
Ever his song was a curse and a prayer,
Deathless the love its tones declare
For martyred Ireland!

Long hath that prayer reached Heaven's throne,—
A tyrant's doom bespoke.
Like Edom's sons in boastful pride,
"Ever, forever," they swore, "we'll abide!"
But they vanished like passing smoke.

Blessed is he who with measure meet
The Lion shall repay !
Hurling him low with giant shock,
Dashing his whelps against the rock,
Snatch his vain power away.

Then Erin's lyre shall freedom's tones
Waken with raptures grand !
From every Celtic breast shall rise
A prayerful anthem to the skies
For ransomed Ireland !



ERIN.

"There is something sacred and infallible in the poet's dream."—
Father Tom Burke.

O ERIN, how glorious, how sad is thy history !
 How valiant thy heroes, how cruel thy foes !
 Thy past glory shrouded, thy future a mystery,
 Thy present—O God, what wrongs and what
 woes !

Shall my Muse sing today of thy joys or thy sorrows,
 Of thy sons' noble deeds or thy foe's cruel reign ;
 Giving life to the past, making present the morrows,—
 Those glories, these hopes, that ever remain ?

Ah ! yes, I will sing, but will sing not of sorrow ;
 Nor need I recount thy glories of old,
 Or even make darker the present, or borrow
 My theme from the wrongs that have often been
 told.

Thy record's engraven on time's deathless pages :
 It tells of thy glory ; it tells of thy foes.
 To them it bodes evil ; to thee it presages
 The boon Heaven's justice to constancy owes.

I see, yes, I see, in the dim, distant future,
A light breaking surely o'er Erin's dark bane;
The clouds of oppression that slavery nurture
Burst asunder — dissolve like a mist from the
main.

An angel of justice, like sunburst at morning,
Descending o'er Erin in liberty's car,
Rends the chains that enslaved her, the enemy
scorning,
Crying out to the world, "Riseth Erin's day-
star!"

"Arise, arise, Erin! thy hour is approaching!"
Hear the cry echo loud from every land.
"Drive the foes from thy shores, who, for ages en-
croaching,
Have sought to despoil thee by tyranny's hand."

Hear the vow solemn uttered—the promise that
never
From Erin's green shores they more shall depart,
That now and forever the chains they will sever
That bind Erin's children, that load Erin's heart.

Now Saxon to Kelt, now foe unto foeman
Are met, where their fathers had battled of old,
In Boyne's bloody valley; and thus spake the omen:
"Here Erin should conquer, where Erin was
sold."

How sudden the change! how just is the glory
That freedom bestows on every hand!
Republic of Erin, how noble the story
Thy bards now proclaim throughout thy free
land!

Is this but a dream? Oh, no; 'twould be cruel
To torture thus hopes that never depart:
Too long, O too long, has tyranny's rule
Tried to banish forever these hopes from thy
heart!

O God, hear the cry to heaven ascending,
Coming back from the past like wailings of woe,
Reaching far in the future and liberty blending,
With faith ever bearing its earliest glow.

Shall this last noble effort, O Heaven, prove fruitless?
Shall tyranny conquer forever? Oh, no!
It cannot be thus—it shall not be bootless;
'Tis ours by its justice, as justice shall show.

O Father almighty of justice and mercy,
Who rulest the ruler, who guardest the weak,
We pray, we beseech—O God, we demand thee
To give us the freedom in justice we seek.

The years of oppression, the church desecrated,
The old pillaged cabin, the hearthside made
drear,
The lands confiscated, the priests immolated,
The lives given freely and never with fear,

The prison, the gallows, the famine, the plunder,
The wail of the orphan, the lone widow's prayer,
The exile's long sighing, the years he spent under
The yoke of the tyrant, whose vice was to spare,

That faith-flame of freedom, in splendor unceasing,
On Erin's first altars burned, never to wane
(Down, down the dread ages, that splendor increasing,
Mad rivers of blood flowed to quench it—in vain !),

The cry of the virgin, the martyr's mute bleeding,
The moss-covered shrine, the ruined old tower,
All lift unto Heaven the voice of their pleading,
"God grant Erin rest, meed of freedom-won
power."

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Read at the Grand Army Reunion, 1895.

I.

UNFURL those banners! Let them wave
Above the patriot's hallowed grave!
Unmuffle that drum! Let its proud beat
The nation's trusted warrior greet!
Far let the fife's shrill cry be heard,
That once the silent dead hath stirred;
Be hushed the trumpet's funeral note.
Let strains of joy and victory float
Above the ashes of the dead,
O'er hearts that bold for peace have bled.
Strew flowers mid song and gladsome cheer,
For mourning were but mockery here.
We come to grieve not o'er the slain,
To moist their graves with weeping vain;
We come to sing of victory high,
By patriots won, who dared to die!—
Of peace, that still doth strong abide,
By patriots won, who would have died.

II.

See, Columbia's tears are falling !
Hear Columbia sadly calling
'Gainst the horrid doom appalling
 From her own misguided sons,
Who, with maddened frenzy raging,
In enslaving cause engaging,
'Gainst their brothers fiercely waging
 War, true freedom ever shuns !
Shall none heed a mother's pleading ?
Soothe her heart in anguish bleeding ?
Shall no valiant arm defend her ?
Smite the foe that fain would rend her ?
 Shall she want relief ?
 In her hour of grief
Shall not Heaven succor send her ?

III.

Hear, hear the answer ; gaze on every side ;—
Unnumbered hosts arise—Columbia's pride :
From stall and mart, from hall, from cottage low
They come, they come a children's love to show.
A wife gives up a husband at the call ;
A mother gives her darling boy, her all ;
The son, a father ; father spares a son
To fight, to die that Freedom's cause be won :
And where the son and father nobly died,
Oft wife and mother ministered at their side.

IV.

Hear the clash of arms resounding,
Like the ocean's mad rebounding!
See the cannon's fiery flaring,
Like the storm-wild lightning's glaring!
See the flash of bayonets gleaming,
Like the meteor's lurid streaming!
Hear the deadly rifle's rattle,
Like the tempest's ceaseless battle!
Hear the pleading of the dying!
See the pale death's face uplying!
 Hear the moaning
 And the groaning!
See the stricken father falling
By the son, for succor calling!
 Hear the crying
 Of the dying!
 See the urging
 And the surging
Of mad war Columbia scourging!
Through the tortured air are streaming
Shot and shell, like demons screaming!
Hosts upon the earth are lying,
A mother's breast their lifeblood dyeing!
All the nation sunk in nether gloom;
All the nation one vast bloody tomb!

V.

Rejoice! the cursed war is done;
Columbia hath victory won.
A cry of anguish rends the air;
A mother weeps her offspring fair:
Her brow is veiled in sorrow deep;
She breathes a prayer where martyrs sleep;
From frozen north to tropic plain
She sighs a requiem o'er the slain;
Where'er a son in valor bled,
She mourns as one her hero dead.

VI.

At Appomattox with Grant and Lee
Anew is born "Fraternity!"
Throughout our fair predestined land
Each brother clasps a brother's hand,
And where they met to fight and die
They meet to foster liberty;
Till once again all tongues proclaim
In deathless tones Columbia's fame.
Come, deck today the patriot's tomb
With flowers of fairest, richest bloom:
For spotless youth bring lilies fair;
For manhood, roses, ruddy, rare;
Around each silent slab entwine
The clasping tendrils of the vine;

Forget-me-not and bleeding-heart
Shall lasting lessons there impart ;
For soldier's grave is as a shrine
Proclaiming truths of worth divine,
Where every slab doth silent preach
The noblest lessons earth can teach !
To country—duty, bold and free,
To shield with life her liberty !

VII.

Sleep, patriot heroes ! calmly sleep ;
Thy brethren love's fond vigil keep !
All honor to our patriot dead,
Who in the cause of freedom bled !
Honor to those who still remain
To prove their dying was not vain.
May God from his all-giving hand
Shower blessings on our noble land,
As, from the frozen northern wild
To land of bloom and zephyr mild,
From rise to set of quickening sun,
We stand a people, free, united, one.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Read on Memorial Day, 1896.

I.

WHERE shall our soldier heroes calmly sleep?
In the nation's mighty heart.
Where shall the living patriot vigil keep?
Where shall fond wife and mother hopeful weep?
Where shall a worthy offspring ever reap
Of patriot fame a part?
Here where our soldiers' sacred ashes lie;
Here with the men who fought prepared to die;
Here let their ransomed sons learn how to live,
And at the nation's call e'en life to give.
Over each soldier's mound their hearts shall glow
In gratitude to those who sleep below,
Shall learn to cherish dearer e'en than life
This land of freedom, fruit of deadliest strife.

II.

'Twas night, the horrid din of strife was hushed
Along Potomac's shore.
All day the frantic hordes had madly rushed;
All day the war fiend's iron hoofs had crushed
Our patriots' life in gore;

Or else mid cannon roar,
Or bayonet's crash,
Or sabre flash,
Or frenzied dash,
Hosts fell to rise no more.

Grim war, proud Satan's primal mad assay
Like hellish vulture lowered o'er the day,
As brother rushed 'gainst brother in the strife,
As brother smote a brother for his life,
Till, steeped in loved ones' blood, Columbia's breast
Was crimson dyed to win her children rest.

III.

No sound irreverent rose. Was heard the sighing
Of the fretted night winds o'er the dying,
Or else the picket's solemn, measured tread,
Keeping a gruesome vigil o'er the dead;
While shed the frightened moon her wistful beam
Where wearied patriots mid the fallen dream,
Or ray from smoldering campfires' fitful light
Lit Gettysburg's bloody field that horrid night.
Twice rose the sun and set o'er that dread field.
Ere sets the morrow's sun, the Gray must yield.
Brave Reynolds' blood, and Sickles' heroes true
Must be avenged by the avenging Blue.

The martyred warriors of Excelsior Corps,
Brave Cushing dying mid the cannon's roar,
The bloody Round Top, Cemetery Ridge,
The fatal orchard, and the tottering bridge,
All cried for vengeance on that fateful night,
All nerved brave hearts to battle for the right.

IV.

Hark, on the stillness sounds the postman's call,
Bringing the welcome news from cot and hall.
Mid silence deep, the roll is solemn read,
Of living, and of wounded, and of dead.
The living, cheered by words of love and hope,
Upon the morrow with the foe must cope.
Each name unanswered told of heroes slain,
Whose darkened corpses strew the gory plain.
"John Howard," cried the postman. No reply.
"John Howard," cried he louder. Hark! a cry,
A feeble cry, in answer to the name,
From one whom all thought hushed forever came.
He slowly lifts his head, wild stares around,
Grasps the letter, sinks back onto the ground.
"Read, comrade," gasped he, "mother's message
dear,
Let her sweet words be last that I shall hear."
He read: "My darling boy: Last night I dreamed
You stood beside me, and methought you seemed

All clothed in radiant white. Your face did beam
With spiritual beauty; but a gleam
Of ruddy bright did shine above your heart,
And as I clasped you to my breast a part
Of your lifeblood did flow: and then methought
I pressed your pallid lips with mother's kiss,
And woke to find it dreaming, mocking bliss.
God bless you, boy, and spare you unto me;
Thy mother's prayer is, hurry home when free."
He stopped. The dying youth cried: "Place it
here
Above my heart, a mother's blessing dear.
Ah, I come — sweet mother." From his transfixed
side
His lifeblood rushed, love's message crimson dyed.
And that fond mother in her northern home
Did languish for her boy who ne'er would come.
Ten thousand wives; ten thousand mothers sighed
For sons and husbands who for freedom died!

V.

Thank God, thank God the bloody strife is o'er,
And thrice-won peace doth reign from shore to shore.
Bring we the garlands of glory,
And weave them
Fresh with the laurels of story,
And leave them

Decking the graves of the dead, and entwining
E'en the glad brows of the living, and shining
Bright with the splendor of vict'ry supernal,
Freeing from hell-born rebellion infernal—
Presage of peace and of union eternal!

VI.

Praise to the dead in the nation's heart sleeping ;
Praise to the living their sacred trust keeping.
Heaven spread o'er us thy wings all-preserving,
Make us a nation thy care all-deserving.
Nation of destiny! Heir to the ages!
Big with hopes of the race, that presages
Freedom's best triumphs: aims great and holy,
Unto thy keeping confide we them solely.
Up from each soldier's grave hope springs inspiring,
Freedom and progress each noble breast firing.
Onward to glory, united and free,
Guardian of nations and earth's destiny.

ODE.

In Memoriam. John Boyle O'Reilly, August, 1894.

I.

WEEP, weep the dead!
Weep, weep the spirit fled.
Lived he a nation's life,
Bore he a nation's strife.
Weep, weep the dead!

Yet wherefore weep?
May sorrow solace woe,
Make kind the cruel blow?
May mourning soothe our loss?
Gleam through the darkness glow,
Make light the heavy cross?
Grief less for weeping grow?
Woe happy future know?

Weep, weep the dead!
Ne'er knew he fear or dread.
Bard, sage, and patriot true,
Where wrought he, freedom grew;
Where sang he, mercy prayed;
Where taught he, justice swayed.
Weep, weep the dead!

Yet, wherefore weep?
Lived he not ever well?
Sang he not mercy's claim?
Tolled he not tyrant's knell?
Decked he not freedom's name?
Then, wherefore weep?

Aye, therefore weep!
Him lost, we lose our all.
With him our hopes must fall,—
More loss sith at his call
We might break tyrant's thrall.
Aye, therefore weep!

II.

Sad is the spirit of Mona tonight,
Out in the sea,
Moaning for thee.
Darker the morrow reft of all light,
Lost as thy spirit took heavenward flight,
Lost unto me.

Sad is the heart of the patriot tonight,
Over the sea
Grieving for thee.
Fondly he dreamed thy heaven-sent might,
Would win to poor Erin long-cherished right,
Soon would it be!

Sad is the soul of the exile tonight,

Over the sea

Banished from me.

Oft at thy word would the future grow bright,

Oft would he fancy a soul-cheering sight—

Erin as free!

Sad are the widow and orphan tonight,

Over the sea

Thinking of thee.

“Soon,” said their hearts, “would vanish the
blight,

With its sorrow-steeped past, with a future to fright

E'en Misery!”

Sad is the spirit of Mona tonight,

Over the sea

Moaning for thee.

Vainly she looks for the dawning of light,

Hoping she follows thy heavenward flight,

Hoping in thee.

Once had I dreamed as I gazed on thy brow,

Noble in youth,

Noble in truth,

'Fore thee the tyrant of Erin should bow,

And to thy valor High Heaven allow

Justice and ruth.

Faithful thy voice for Erin was heard,
 And at the tale
 Tyrants grew pale.
 Proudly the hearts of her children were stirred :
 " Erin should rise," with one voice they averred,
 " Rise without fail !"

Glad grew my heart as brightened the sky,
 Light grew my chains,
 — Light grew my pains ;
 But, just as the hour of dawning seemed nigh,
 Thy spirit passed over our isle with the cry,
 " Slavery remains !"

Hark ! hear the cry that beats Mona's shore,
 Cry from the sea,
 Crying for thee.
 Thus shall my spirit moan evermore,
 Moan till the days of oppression are o'er,
 Moan to be free !

III.

Dry up the useless tear !
 Dispel the craven fear !
 And sing, my Muse, the glory of his deeds.
 The dawning hour is near,
E'en now his voice we hear,
 " He speaks of victory, who his warning heeds."

He lived a nation's life ;
He bore a nation's strife.
For ages crushed 'neath tyrant blow,
For ages bowed 'neath changeless woe,
A sorrowing nation him begot ;
And, faithful son, he chose her lot.
Oft he heard her clanking chains ;
Oft he felt her keenest pains,
Heard the careworn widow's sigh,
Heard the starving orphan's cry,
Heard the exile's hopeless moan,
Heard the patriot's dying groan,
Heard it all alone,
Till his heart grew stone
Toward the oppressor of his land ;
Swore to burst cruel tyranny's band,
Swore to cheer the nation's heart,
Swore to win her freedom's part,
Call her heroes back to life,
Lead them on to victory's strife,
Raise up Erin's throne !

Upon her seagirt shore he took his stand,
And saw close by her side,
Puffed up with wealth and pride,
The fierce oppressor of his native land.

“Great God!” he cried: “Great God on high,
Must Erin ever groan and sigh?
Must Erin’s gloom grow deeper still?
Shall naught her cup of misery fill?

Shall every age
Fill history’s page
With tales of woe
That deeper grow
As longer runs her course?
Shall grief and care
Beget despair?
Shall Erin’s life
Yield in the strife,
Crushed ’neath the tyrant’s force?

No, no, great God! it must not be.
With trustful hearts we turn to thee.
Behold, our children through the world
Are first when freedom’s flag’s unfurled.
In church, in state, in science, art,
They win for Erin honor’s part.
What, then, must be our nation’s sin,
Since here but slavery’s chains we win?
Then rise, my country bold, arise!
And crush the tyrant foe,
And prove by valiant blow
She may not thee despise.

High Heaven, hear my vow today :
“ I ne’er shall bend to tyrant sway !
To freedom’s cause my life I give,
For freedom’s cause *alone* I live.
While life doth last be this my aim :
My country’s freedom to proclaim,
My country’s foe to brand with shame,
That Erin may have meed of fame,
That Erin may be more than name !

He lived a nation’s life ;

He bore a nation’s strife.

His ardor suffering ne’er could chill ;
In chains he felt sweet freedom’s thrill :
The scaffold dread, the dungeon damp,
The far Australian wild,

The felon band,

The convict brand,

Could ne’er repress that spirit grand
Of freedom’s noble child !

He bore a nation’s strife ;

Yet came the hour of peace.

He lived a nation’s life.

Shall she win just release ?

Shall she, like him, taste freedom’s hour ?
Shall she, like him, wield freedom’s power,
Show nations that the Irish heart
Can ne’er assume th’ oppressor’s part,

That in her beats no jealous chord,
That she can justice all afford?
Aye! Heaven yet must yield her claim,
And deck with freedom Erin's name.
Then shall she clasp in fond embrace
The remnants of an exiled race ;
Then shall a nation gladly raise
Her voice in songs of joyous praise
To write thy name on history's page,
To tell thy fame to every age.
Thy tomb shall be a nation's heart,
Whence never shalt thou more depart ;
But Erin's sweetest joy shall be
In endless love to cherish thee,
And honor thee in peace and power,
Who honored her in sorrow's hour.

THE IRISH TONGUE.

To all true lovers of Irish.

FROM out Time's mystic stream methinks I
 hear each nation's song,
Its life, its hopes, its fame, its woes,—all, as it
 sweeps along.
Methinks I hear each voice but thine, fair “Eden
 of the West.”
Hast thou no voice? hast thou no song? hast thou
 no dream of rest?
Hast thou no glories past to tell? no future joys
 to sing?
Hast thou no present hopes? no dream of free-
 dom's glorious spring?
Who dared to rob thee of the gift kind Heaven
 ne'er denied,
A nation's voice to thrill the people's heart with
 noble pride,
And in its place a bastard tongue supplant through-
 out our land,
The harlot Saxon for the Gaelic glorious and grand?
Away with this imposture foul, and give us back
 the days
When through our land the Irish tongue was heard
 in festal lays;

When sang our bards of freedom's joys, of faith,
of love most true;
When all from king to peasant spake the language
of Boru;
When priests and people prayed to God in accents
he had taught
Before the sireless Saxon tongue to Erin's shores
was brought.
When Padrigh spoke from Tara's height, it was
through Celtic flow
He won her noble chieftains' hearts to love their
Maker so.
It was the Celtic accents sweet that rose when
Padrigh prayed
For Erin's faith, that faith divine that hell nor
earth has swayed,—
For vainly men and demons league to quench that
vital spark :
High up above the flood of blood rides safe that
glorious ark.
That ark of Erin's faith divine, in misery and woe,
Doth proud withstand each hellish storm, each
hated tyrant's blow !

O God ! is this a just return, a retribution earned ?
Where is the peace — where are the joys for which
we've so long yearned ?

Did Israel's sons display a faith, a hope, a love so
true
As we have shown through weal and woe whilst
tempests round us grew ?
A Moses set thy chosen people free from Pharaoh's
sway ;
Send us the Moses of our land to herald freedom's
day.
O let us see those hopeful dreams that oft our
hearts have thrilled !
For we have drunk e'en to the dregs woe's cup,
with misery filled.
When shall these horrors cease, O God? when
shall they pass away ?
When shall the mount of hope appear,— the morn
of freedom's day,
When through our land again shall ring the lan-
guage of our sires,
When Erin's own to Erin's rule with confidence
aspires ?
Time's mystic harp cannot display her harmonies
complete
Unless the silent Celtic tongue send forth her
echoes sweet !
O let us hear our nation's voice again her life
proclaim ;
And then Time's harp shall not for us declare but
grief and shame,

Nor Erin bear upon her brow the merciless ty-
rant's seal,
Nor Erin's sons in alien tongues their glorious
powers reveal :
But she shall hold her rank of old, fair "Isle of
Faith and Love,"
And freedom ruled by mercy shall call blessings
from above.

Are these but fancies vain and false that never
are to be?
No: God is just; and Justice cries out, "Erin must
be free!"—
Yes, free in truth, from slavery and tyranny's gall-
ing yoke,
With glory equal to the shame which Heaven must
revoke.
If not, then let me silent be; I'm but a passing
breath
That fans to life a slumbering spark or fades to
nameless death.
Let Erin's name and Erin's tongue lie buried with
the past;
Let none pronounce them, if her shame must still
through ages last!

'Twere better far she had not been, than be but
tyranny's slave !

'Twere better far her name and fame should seek
oblivion's grave !

The night is long ; the clouds are dark ; the gloom
seems deep'ning still ;

But oh ! the glorious morn is near when freedom's
sun shall fill

Our land with peace and hope and joy, with power
that ne'er shall wane

Till time's long night shall merge into the eternal
morning's reign ;

And as it dawns the Celtic tongue shall joyfully
proclaim

The last sweet note from earthly voice to praise the
Maker's name.

ODE.

Inscribed to the G. A. R., Pittsburg Reunion, 1895.

THEY come, they come, with glory crowned:
Strike, strike the drums with joyous sound;
Let rapturous tones aloud proclaim
 Throughout the land
All honor to each martyr name,
To every living hero fame,
 Of each brave band
That thirty years this Sabbath day
 Placed all upon the nation's altar,
By dearest sacrifice to pay
 The price before which traitors falter !

Wide fling the trumpet's martial blast !
 Shrill let the fife pipe victory's tone !
Loud let the cannon peal, and fast ;
 Let coward hearts be hushed alone !
On high shall rise this Sabbath day
 The mingled tones of joy and prayer,—
Prayer for the martyrs passed away,
 Joy for those Heaven deigned to spare.

Nor heaven e'er heard holier praise,
Nor earth paid homage higher,
Than gladsome notes today shall raise
To feed the patriot's fire.
All praise to you, our nation's boast !
Hallowed be our soldier dead ;
Hallowed be the blood they shed ;
Hallowed be that sacred dust
The nation holds in Freedom's trust ;
And glory to the living host !
May Heaven smooth each rugged way
Until life's last loud trump shall sound
" To Rest " : th' eternal camping ground
Through freedom's deathless, peaceful day.

A NATION'S TOMB.

EARTH silent lay beneath night's lesser beams,
As myriad hosts in varied splendor shone
Like guardian spirits watching midnight's dreams
When grosser cares and toils of day were done.

Alone I stood enraptured at the sight.
Shine heaven's glories but for sluggard man?
Walks not a spirit race the beauteous night,
Whose higher life with lowlier death began?

Thus as I mused methought I heard a sigh
Borne upward on the silence-laden air.
No moaning pine, no fretful brook was nigh,
For all was vast and boundless prairie there.

Was it the wail of nations now no more,
Who in their native freedom roamed this land
Ere blighting progress touched its virgin shore
To crush its youthful hopes with ruthless hand?

“ Great God, where is the native Indian gone —
The bold Apache, gallant Iroquois,
The fierce Comanche and the brave Huron,
The subtle Sioux and noble Illinois?

Here was the joyous camp, th' exciting hunt,
The sacred dance, the martial feat and game ;
Here, too, bore savage war less deadlier front
Than where hosts fall in vaunted Freedom's name.

All now is hushed to silence of the grave,
As if no mortal foot had pressed its dust."
I listened. But one piteous sigh it gave :
" Go ask the hand that made the deadly thrust ;

Go ask the white man in his pride of power ;
Go ask the paleface in his lust of gain.
Like wasting blight he came ; and from that hour
We fell, as 'fore the scythe the waving grain."

" Great God ! " I cried, " why should it thus be so ?
Why millions blasted from this blessed earth ?
Had Rome her conquered victims thus laid low,
Where now had been proud Europe's varied
worth ?

Long since the Latian Trunk would blighted lay,
Or, mayhap, drooping with few sickly stems
Which naught but barrenness and death display
Where now hang fruitful Nature's richest gems.

O why could not a youthful race bestow
Its native fire on sinking energy?
Then valiant sons and daughters here might show
The noblest fruit of deathless Liberty.

O God of Justice, gracious mercy show !
Fix not the brand of Cain upon our brow.
Forgive this cruel, fratricidal blow,
For which we humbly pray thee pardon now.”

Ah ! tread with reverent foot where martyrs lie,
Where Freedom not her lowliest victims gave.
Though reft of home for which they dared to die,
May they forever rest in hallowed grave.

ARBOR DAY.

I.

CHANT the pæans of resurrection ;
Ceres cometh forth rejoicing
From her cave of dull dejection,
Earth and sky her blessings voicing,
Bud and blossom round her blowing,
Sod and soil with quick hopes glowing ;
As Proserpina advances,
Freed from Pluto's dark embraces,
Maid and matron love entrances,
Life dead winter's gloom effaces.

II.

Break the sod, kind Heaven blessing :
Bring the shoot, the shrub, the sapling :
Plant the vine, whose arms caressing
Shall with them in love be grappling ;
Mighty oak and yielding ash
To withstand the naval crash ;
Homely hemlock, graceful pine,
Apt for toilers' use and pleasure ;
Shadeful beech for quiet recline ;—
Plant them all, great nature's treasure ;—
Willow, cypress, that may weep
O'er the graves, where all must sleep.

III.

Youthful hands and hearts presiding
O'er the rite, its fruits abiding,—
One a nation's hope unfailing,
One a nation's wealth unveiling !

IV.

Smile, O gracious skies, above them !
Moist, refreshing zephyrs, love them !
Ceres' daughter fruitful make them ;
Ne'er let Pluto's gloom o'ertake them,—
Curse of Erisichthon smite them,
Who with wanton hand would blight them.



THE LAMB AND THE LION.

I.

HOW long, O God, shall Erin writhe in Eng-
land's bloody jaws?

How long, O God, shall Erin's sons sustain a hope-
less cause?

Shall right to might now yield as old? shall justice
silent be?

Shall not each nation raise her voice to set poor
Erin free?

Aye, lift your voice, fling Freedom's cry through
every land today;

With voice and arm unflinching drive the Lion
from his prey!

Arise, departed shades! Arise, ye saints and war-
riors bold,

And give to Erin's sons the life ye drew from her
of old!

Arise, arise! out of the tombs neglected and de-
filed,

And wake that ancient spirit up that England has
reviled.

Lead on her sons, though few they be, to freedom
and to fame;

Surrounded by your sainted shades, they'll ne'er
disgrace your name.

Oh for the power to wake to life that spirit, crushed,
not dead !
Oh for the days when Erin's sons knew naught of
fear or dread !
When on the field of famed Clontarf, with Brian at
their head,
Armed with the cross, "This is the day Christ
died for you," he said,
They went to death for Erin, with naught to shield
their breast
And boldly fought the armored Dane to win for
Erin's rest.

II.

Where are those fearless spirits? Are they lost for
evermore?
Has Erin naught of valor left her glory to restore?
Ah, no! they live, but not for her. Alas, in alien
land,
Her scattered sons, of glory's crown, rare gems for
her demand.
On battlefield mid blood and death, their spirit
knows no fear:
What valor would they not display defending Erin
dear !

In alien tongues her sons have ever walked in glory's
train :
What would be theirs if Erin had her nation's voice
again !
Then as of old those raptures grand would burst
from Erin's bards
And thrill the Irish heart, that never merit disre-
gards.

III.

In days long gone, when Europe groaned beneath
barbaric sway,
Through many a land the Celt diffused the light of
freedom's day.
She brought, O God, to other lands, what others
her refuse ;
Or power with shame, or woe with fame, they've
left her but to choose.
She chose the woe ; — High Heaven, thanks ! — she
never stained her fame !
Long years of woe to years of power do full her
right proclaim.
For tyrants' sway and tyrants' wrongs must pass
like dream away ;
And Erin's sun shall glorious rise on freedom's
endless day !

Religious Poems.

Religious Poems.

THE CHRIST CRY.

O CHRIST and O Christ, how we need thee
To visit the walks of men,
Where thy wrong-ridden brothers are groaning,
Waiting redemption again !

O Christ and O Christ, how we need thee
To visit the haunts of sin,
Where thy Magdalen sisters are moaning
The redeemed Magdalen's life to begin !

O Christ and O Christ, how we need thee
To visit the new Cæsar's power,
Where fraud and corruption are blighting
This fairest of liberty's dower !

O Christ and O Christ, how we need thee
To visit the stall and the mart,
Where suck the vampires plutocratic
The blood of the toiler's heart !

O Christ and O Christ, come thou quickly
To the lives and the conscience of men;
This wrong-ridden nation is groaning,
Waiting redemption again !



HEAVENWARD.

LORD, bid me come ;
Why should I fear thee ?
Lord, bid me come ;
Earth does not need me,
From thee would lead me :
Then bid me come.

Yet would I stay ;
Earth seems entrancing ;
Hence would I stay :
Life seems so charming,
Death so alarming,
Fain would I stay.

Yet—'neath thy cross
Who should be fearful ?
Firm 'neath thy cross,
Be death's path tearful ;
Thou makest cheerful
All 'neath thy cross.

THE PROMISED LAND.

I KNOW a land where the deaf do hear,
And the rest of speech have voice ;
Where the blind do see and the halt do walk
And the mourners' hearts rejoice ;

Where the poor are rich and the feeble strong,
And the weary toilers rest,
And the wanderers find a home at last
On the Master's loving breast ;—

A land where right, not might, prevails,
Whence doubt and fear have fled,
Where each broken heart doth boldly claim
Its loved ones from the dead.

It is the land where Christ is king,
Where joy and peace hold sway ;
And the Lamb is the lamp that lights our feet
Unto that blessed day.

LIFE'S MOTTO.

I BUILT within my heart a throne,
And asked me who should rule thereon.
Then came from out life's busy mart
Full many a claim to rule my heart.
But passion ruled there lord supreme,
Led men by sordid, selfish dream.
"Nay," said I: "higher lord or none
Shall fill the heart's all-hallowed throne."
Then spake from out my soul a voice:
"Gaze but within and learn thy choice.
All men share in Christ's brotherhood:
Thy aim should be to seek their good.
Then place as lord upon thy throne
Thy brother's joy before thine own."

THE PASSION HYMN.

Translated from Feast of the Passion.

FIXED on the cursed tree of sin
The Savior hangs in racking pain.
Each torment dread—each sorrow fell,
His tortured soul must now sustain.

With horrid wounds the gory nails
His sacred hands and feet shall bore,
While life's bright streams shall lavish flow
From heart and brow and every pore.

Hark, hear the Son's sad cry of death!
The Mother's heart is rent atwain.
O Jesus! Mary! may our souls
Be pierced with love-begotten pain!

The seas, the mighty deeps are stirred;
The hallowed dead forsake the tomb;
The temple's mystic veil is rent;
The earth is sunk in nether gloom;

Sun, moon, and stars, all heaven weeps ;
The earth doth groan in mighty throes :
Come old and young, come all who love,
And weep for Jesus' bitter woes.

Come, stand we sorrowing by the cross ;
Anoint in love those wounded feet ;
With Magdalen bathe them in heart-tears,
And kiss them dry with homage meet.

O Sacrificial Victim high !
That we might share redemption's grace,
Consummate now thy saving work,
Among thy ransomed give us place.

Sweet Jesus, be our peace, our joy !
Our hope shall ever rest in thee,
Be thou our guide through life's sad course,
Our crown and glory endlessly.

THE PRAYER IN THE GARDEN.

Hymn translated from Feast of Prayer in the Garden.

MARK how the Word eterne came from the
Father's throne,
Burning with deepest love man to redeem ;
For the first Adam's sin, with its fell brood of death,
Fain would love's victim be, priceless, supreme.

Deep was his spirit stirred at such all-saddening
doom ;
Longed he our bitter loss full to repair.
Now bows he to the earth ; for our guilt-laden souls
Seeks Heaven's pardon through his reverent
prayer.

Lo ! see sin's torrents foul sweep o'er his spotless
soul !
Must he drink sorrow's cup ere grace be won ?
"Lord, may this chalice pass !" breaks from his
stricken heart ;
"Yet, Father, let thy will, not mine, be done !"

Mighty that effort was, piercing his inmost heart,
As pain and grief and sin made their mad claim ;
Sad sank he to the earth ; forth from each sacred
pore
Life's ruddy drops in deep, racking anguish came.

Forth from the hosts at Heaven's word came a
seraph high,
Speaking the Father's cheer in love's sweet voice ;
And at this soothing note uprose the stricken Lord,
Godlike e'ermore in love's unchanging choice.

Praise to the Father be, and the all-saving Son,
Whose name supreme hath made us sinners free ;
And to the Spirit, the all-sanctifying one,
Be honor, power, and glory endlessly !

CROWN OF THORNS.

Translated from Feast of Crown of Thorns.

GO forth, O Zion's daughters fair!
Go forth, chaste virgins of the King!
Mark maddened Salem crown the Christ;
Mark Salem's sons mock homage bring.

O horror! see the rending thorns!
The Savior's locks are thick with gore,
Death bids him on; while down his face
Life's crimson stream doth silent pour.

What soil unfruitful gave ye birth,
Ye bristling thorns, sharp brood of sin?
Who sowed ye, saddest seed of earth?
What cruel hand hath reaped ye in?

Yet, tinged by Jesus' hallowed blood,
Ye turn to ruddy rose and rare;
Your stem accurst bears blessed fruit;
Blight thence becometh blossom fair.

Alack ! 'twas platted crimes of men
That made thee, Christ, such crown to bear.
Weed thou our hearts from thorns of sin ;
Sow seeds of fairest roses there.

Be power and glory, praise divine,
Eternal Father, unto thee,
With Son and Spirit, three in one,
Through endless ages endlessly !



THE LANCE AND NAILS.

Hymn translated from Feast of Holy
Lance and Nails.

HAIL, blessed lance! hail, saving nails!
Though erstwhile served ye purpose low,
Now dyed in Jesus' sacred blood
Ye ruddy beam with sapphire glow.

Vain Israel's sons in hatred deep
Would choose ye for their fellest crime;
Yet God with mighty power hath made
Ye ministers of grace sublime.

From every hallowed wound ye bore
A stream of life celestial ran,
That ever beareth from on high
The choicest gifts Christ brought to man.

On my dull heart, Lord, turn that spear,
All crimsoned in thy precious blood;
With those same nails pierce hands and feet,
And fix me to thy holy rood.

O may thy all-atoning wounds,
Which guilty we for sin should bear,
Prove strength and solace to our souls,
That in thy victory we may share.

Keep thou my hands from evil deeds,
My wayward feet from paths of sin.
Pierce thou my heart with love's pure dart,
That all life's aim be grace to win.

Pierced with life-giving lance and nails,
Be glory, Jesus, unto thee,
With Father, Spirit, three in one,
Through endless ages endlessly.



THE HOLY WINDING SHEET.

Hymn translated from Feast of Holy
Winding Sheet.

SWEETEST Jesus, love consuming,
Stricken turns my soul to thee,
Each life-wound in love adoring,
Mindful they did bleed for me.

O how naked I behold thee
In thy lowly winding sheet,
Rent and racked in every member,
Wounded, heart and hands and feet !

Hail, thou thorn-crowned head encrimsoned !
Reft of all its grace benign
Is that face, 'fore which hosts tremble
Awed by majesty divine.

Hail, O heart transfixed for sinners,
Hallowed cleft for flight of love,
Fairer far than fairest bower,
Spirit's pledge of rest above !

Hands and feet by blunt nails riven,
I adore each wound divine :
Turn me not away, O Jesus ;
Bid me evermore be thine.

Grant, most gracious Father, mercy
Through the Son who made us free
With the Spirit, love supernal,
Through the ages endlessly.



HYMN OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Translated from Hymn for Feast
of the Precious Blood.

SWEET bleeding wounds of Jesus, hail !
Boundless pledges of love supreme,
From whose exhaustless founts doth flow
Christ's saving blood in crimson stream

More brilliant than the orbs of night,
More fragrant than the fairest rose,
Than sweetest honey sweeter far,
More bright than brightest gem that glows.

Within these hallowed ruddy walls
May rest in peace the burdened mind ;
No ruthless, unrelenting foe,
Shall ever there an entrance find.

What tongue can tell that scourging sad,
As Jesus naked sinking stood ?
Who count the wounds and sacred pores
Whence flowed the Savior's saving blood ?

Ah! mark thee how the thorny crown
Doth cruelly pierce his pallid brow ;
Unto the cross the rending nails
His hands and feet have fastened now ;

But scarce his longing, loving soul
Hath fled, when through his sacred side
The ready lance life's fountain pierced,
Whence flowed the double mystic tide.

Like trodden grapes that heart was crushed,
That each redeeming drop might flow,
That in the holocaust complete
Man should Christ's love unbounded know.

Though sin like scarlet on thy soul
Hath fixed its searing crimson stain,
Be washed but in this healing font,
All shall be white as snow again.

To heaven's gracious Lord and King,
To him whose blood hath made us free,
Unto the Spirit of all love,
Be praise and thanks eternally.

GOOD FRIDAY.

ON the tree in anguish dying,
Hear us, Lord, in anguish crying !
Spare us on this day of sorrow,
Or despair we ere the morrow !
Miserere, Jesu Mi !

Miserere, hear our moaning ;
Miserere, hear our groaning ;
Miserere, Jesu Mi !

By thy thorn-crowned head and bleeding,
By thy gory wounds, mute pleading,
By thy transfixed heart, and riven,
By thy lifeblood lavish given,
Miserere, Jesu Mi !

By thy crowning and thy scourging,
By grief's torrent round thee surging,
By thy cry for pity calling,
Save us from sin's doom appalling !
Miserere, Jesu Mi !

Miserere, Jesus save us,
Sinners ; in thy lifeblood lave us.
Miserere, Domine !

THE HOLY FACE.

AS bowed in prayer, across my mind
A vision crept with solemn pace,
And sad reflected o'er my soul
The image of a wounded face —

A face so sweet and yet so sad,
As if some sin-begotten shame
Had cast a blight upon its life,
Fixed on its brow dark sorrow's name.

Why is that sweet face wounded so?
Why is it haunting me?
Why doth it look so sad, forlorn?
Why weep so tenderly?

Ah! list thou to that voice divine
As plaintive now it speaks,
And it will tell thee why these tears
And why these wounded cheeks.

Back it will lead thee as it led
Me through the ages past,
When frantic Jews in merc'less hate
Foul spittle on it cast,

And show thee how the sin-sown thorns
Deep pierced that sacred brow ;
How Israel smote it in mad rage,
As sinners smite it now ;

And how, by Calvary's bloody way,
Mid insult and disgrace,
To Veronica's love he gave
Love's pledge, his holy face.

Ah, Jesus, Master ! now I see
On thy most sacred face
The tears, the wounds, the spittle vile
That won me life and grace.

It was to snatch from Satan's power
And hell's eternal flame
Me, thankless me, that thou didst bear
These sufferings and shame.

Sweet Jesus, deep within my heart,
Where love holds fondest place,
I pray thee fix the impress true
Of thy most holy face.

Guide thou my erring steps in life ;
In death light up hope's way
To where the hosts that face adore
Through joy's eternal day.

LIFE'S CORONAL—OUR LADY'S BEADS.

TRIUNE crown of joy, of grief, of glory
Bring we glad today, and weave it
For our Queen's fair brow, and leave it
As supremest sum of life's great story.

Weave the warp of Gabriel's telling
Of the Motherhood supernal,
And Elizabeth's joy, welling
At the visit of th' Eternal.
From the natal hymn loud swelling—
Presage of sin's doom infernal—
And the offering and the finding
Weave the woof in deathless binding.

Weave them, olive green and myrtle
Crimson-dyed, as lashes hurtle.
Weave the thorns—sin's sad begetting—
Mary's heart in anguish fretting.
Let the lance and nails firm weld them,
As the Mother's woe beheld them.
In her heart's blood deep baptize them;
For their rending she doth prize them.
Weave a crown of joy and sorrow;
Glory cometh on the morrow!

Weave it bright with Easter glowing :
Resurrection lilies blowing
'Bove the tomb, Christ's victory showing.
Weave the warp from Christ's ascending ;
And the Paraclete's descending.
Weave the woof of Heaven's splendor
Which the hosts to Mary render.
To your Queen, quick, seraphs, bear it ;
None so worthily can wear it.

Triple crown of joy, of grief-won glory,
Bring we glad today, and weave it
For our Queen's fair brow, and leave it
As supremest sum of life's great story.

BLESSED THEY WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

A SINNER was roused in the dead of the night
At the call of the angel of death,
With a voice as stern and as cold as the blast
That rides on the winter's wings; and it passed
O'er his soul with its chilling breath.

And it bade him follow over the deep,
Over the deep of doom,
Where horror had its grim abode,
Where pallid terror restless rode
On the wings of brooding gloom.

And he heard a shout discordant rise,
"Come, brother! we wait thee here,
Here, where despair forever dwells,—
Here, where woe joy's hope expels,—
Where ruleth blighting fear."

And the sinner groaned, "O God, O God!
O where are the wasted years—
The wasted years, the years of crime?
O who shall restore one moment of time,
One moment for penitent tears?"

As he sank he saw the distant rays,
And he heard the angelic strain,
As the last soft beam of gladsome light
Is swallowed up in the gloom of night
That sweepeth o'er land and main.

“Blessed,” they sang, “whoso use well
Life’s years, in mercy given;
Blessed who sorrowing tears have shed;
Blessed who luring vice have fled:
They shall rest in God’s blissful haven.”



DE PROFUNDIS : A PLAINT.

DE PROFUNDIS! hear them calling
From the depths of gloom appalling.
Jesu, who in mercy made us,—
In thy mercy, Jesu, aid us.
Let thy blood redeeming lave us;
Let thy blood redeeming save us.
Far too slow flames purifying;
Cleanse us from sin's stains, deep dyeing.
Mother Mary, help our pleading
By thy mighty interceding.
Sainted Michael, guide supernal,
Lead us unto light eternal.
Saints and angels faithful, hear us;
Chastening fires now merc'less sear us.
Kin and friend, time's boon possessing,
Help us in these flames distressing.
De Profundis! Depths of sorrow!
Jesu, free us ere the morrow.

ODE TO CHASTITY.

I.

BELIKE my theme hath oft been sung
By bard whose raptured voice hath rung
With accents borrowed from on high
To swell his godlike song ;
And yet my muse
May not refuse
Again this noble theme to choose
And join the glorious throng.

When God our common parent made,
He joined in him life's every grade
From lowly stock to angel high,
All merged in him as one.
He moved, he grew,
He felt, he knew,
He halted now, or now he flew,
As fancy bore him on.

Alack ! how sad that sin should blight
A creature of such goodly might,
And in a moment bind him fast
In Satan's hellish chains !

For, from that hour,
In Eden's bower
Each virtue drooped, as droops the flower
 Reft of soft summer rains.

From Eden's sin-polluted earth,
Which soon to thorns of vice gave birth,
The Angel pure of Chastity
 Now fled in deepest shame.
On, on she flew
Till lost to view,
While earth impurer daily grew ;
 Scarce heard was virtue's name.

O'er earth four thousand years she flew ;
Oft sad and weary near she drew,
But up again was forced to fly,
 As fouler earth had grown.
Scarce could she trace
'Mong God's own race
A single unpolluted place
 Where chastity was known.

She saw in every pagan land
Arise to Venus temples grand—
In Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
 In every age and clime—

Till Chastity,
Seemed hopelessly
Condemned on earth no more to see
Her virtue's fruits sublime.

With saddened heart, this angel-dove
Was forced to seek her rest above;
And bowed before the Father's throne,
With mournful voice and mien—
"Eternal King,
No offering
As fruit of chastity I bring;
On earth no more 'tis seen."

"Nay," spake the Father, "haste to earth;
There blooms one flower of heavenly birth—
A Lily fair whose calyx pure
Enclasps my only Son.
From out his side
Shall come a Bride
Whose offspring chaste shall e'er abide
When he has victory won!"

With gladdened heart, back, back she flew
Till happy earth burst on her view.
As bright the Lily pure appears
Above the sea of sin,

Its leaves divide ;
The Victim's side
Is pierced, when, lo, forth comes the Bride
Who shall new victory win !

II.

THE CHURCH.

Hail, Virgin Queen of virgin souls !
Though round thee vice in torrent rolls,
Thy virgin offspring ever lives
To show thy heaven-born power.
This angel-dove,
Come from above,
Now ruleth souls of chastest love
More than in Eden's bower.

Mark there that gentle, youthful form,
Despising wealth and earthly charm
To choose the Victim crucified,
Rejected by the proud :
Friends intercede,
And parents plead ;
To earthly love she pays no heed,
For higher love is vowed !

On battlefield, in hovel drear,
Mid plague and death, she knows not fear!
Th' abandoned and despairing find

 In her a mother true.

Her spirit pure
Fain would secure
Them rest, in virtue's haven sure,
 Their misery never knew.

Next mark that virgin army grand!
Mid earth's pollution, pure they stand.
More gods than men, the world, amazed,
 Now hates, now fears their power.

They tell the worth
Of man's high birth;
They point to higher end than earth,
 While hell doth 'fore them cower.

Aye! mark the priest, man's truest friend:
His care not even death shall end.
He blesses all in life; in death

 He guides their souls on high:
Nor low desire
Doth him inspire;
His spirit breathes love's chastest fire,
 Whose flame shall never die.

Hail, virgin souls, our nature's boast !
Your spirits chaste have raised man most
Above the beastly low desires
 That chain him to the earth.
In you we find
Man's noblest mind :
You prove God hath for him designed
 A life of heavenly worth.

Come, gentle dove of fairest grace,
And find within *our* hearts a place,
Where chastity supreme may rule :
 Preserve them free from sin.
O may love's fire
Feed chaste desire,
And higher aims than earth inspire,
 And life eternal win !

THE IMMACULATE.

As a lily among thorns.

I.

'T WAS a vision — desert vision —
Thorny, blasted, barren, bare.
Lo! nor fruit nor flowers nor frondage
Ever bloomed or blossomed there.

II.

Twice a score of cycles — barren.
See! the desert blossoms bright;
On a stem accurst and thorny
Bloometh God's chaste Lily white.

THE IMMORTALS.

I.

'T WAS a desert vast : o'er its arid breast,
 'Neath a nightless sky,
 With no zephyrs' sigh,
Life's wearied pilgrims hurried by,
 With a haggard stare
 Of harrowing care,
Ever seeking, finding no rest.

II.

Oft they sank by the way : the throng surged on
 Like the restless sea
 Heaving endlessly,
Each striving but self from life's glare to free ;
 Nor the dying moan
 Nor the piteous groan
Could stay this care-haunted throng.

III.

Yet betimes there was seen, like an angel fair
 Who nor felt life's care
 Nor the desert's glare

So intent seemed he *others'* ills to bear ;
And his heaven-fixed eye
Turned men's gaze on high,
Where at last might they God's blessings share.

IV.

On it surgeth, on in its self-mad course ;
Yet this beacon light
Through the horrid night
Down the ages shone, from each *hero* bright,
Like a God-sent ray
To illumine life's way
To the rood, true joy's gladsome source.

V.

Ah ! God's saints sublime ! May we live their life !
Else it were but shame
E'en to bear their name.
May our brother, not self, be life's high aim ;—
Soothing each sad heart,
Bearing grief's first part,
Lifting each as he sinks in the strife.

•

ODE TO GOD.

I.

GREAT God ! great God ! who's like to thee,
Who wast, who art, who e'er must be,
Who rulest alone
On heaven's throne,
In changeless majesty ?

II.

Proud rise the thoughts of men against thy will
In every age ;
Their failures and their follies constant fill
Time's every page.
Eternal bliss is thine,
Nor change knows nor decline ;
But in a moment everlasting
All is seen, all is done.
Naught forecast there, naught forecasting,
Present, future, past are one !

III.

Who shall rise against thy will divine,
Or, rising, stand ?
Who oppose thy provident design
With wanton hand ?

Dost see the powers of earth and hell arrayed,
Their cunning and seductive wiles displayed,
From Satan's first rebellious cry,
"My throne I'll fix 'bove the Most High,"
From man's first unsubmitting deed
Against the law thou hast decreed,
Down through the cycles vast of time,
Dark stained by deeds of sin and crime.
"I will not serve," proud Satan cried :
"I will not serve," screams human pride ;
"We're gods! our being is divine :
We'll serve our will!
All else may fade, all else decline,
We'll serve it still!
Whoso o'er us would rule supreme
Must, Godlike, subject us esteem,
Must ne'er our will by law restrain,
Must bid us ne'er from aught refrain,
Must deck our course with pleasure gay,
Must bid us ne'er submission pay."

IV.

Great God! great God! who's like to thee,
Who from eternity
Dost laugh vain creatures' proud conceits to scorn,
Dost glance upon the earth,
Bid very stones give birth

To saints of Godlike power
Before whom demons cower
And men's proud efforts fade away
Like shadows 'fore the Lord of day,
As night before the morn?
Great God ! great God ! who's like to thee?



THE DRUNKARD'S CHRISTMAS.

I.

'T WAS Christmas eve. Fast fell the snow,
Like crystal gems from the shroud of night;
The streets were filled with joyous throngs;
The shops, ablaze with cheering light;
When down the street, with tottering step,
A wretched drunkard made his way:
He sought to shun the joyous scene
Where all was mirth and fashion gay.

On, on he groped, he knew not where,
Till he left the light and throng behind,
And, muttering, shivering, gazed around,
A shelter from the night to find.
But his strength was gone; with weakened frame,
In vain he onward strove to go.
Half-dazed with drink, benumbed with cold,
He sank in stupor on the snow.

On fell the snow in ceaseless course;
Its crystal flakes of softest white
Wrapped round his form a shroud of down
That decked the earth for Christmas light.

Across his drink-disordered brain
A pleasing glow diffused its life,
And he thought he sat in his ancient halls
On Christmas eve with his child and wife.

There all was plenty, peace, and joy,
Though without the storm was raging wild ;
And his heart welled up with a parent's pride
As he kissed good night to his darling child.
It was but the fifth glad Christmas eve
Since Heaven had joined them both as one :
Each day success had 'lumed their path,
And the future bright before them shone.

But his brain grew dull as the snow fell on,
And the hearthside now seemed dark and chill ;
There his ragged child by a pallet knelt,
Where his wife, from care and want, lay ill.
Yet the demon Drink still held him fast,
Till his fair young wife slept with the dead ;
And the Angels of Charity took his child,
While a homeless drunkard's life he led.

On fell the snow, as if 'twould hide
The drunkard from the eyes of men.
He thought his hour of doom had come
And he ne'er would see the light again.

Then terror froze his very soul
As he stood before the Judge's throne,
Where the merc'less demon held him fast
And henceforth claimed him as his own.

"Mine! mine!" cried the victor, "he's mine for
aye!

While on the earth, he served me well;
None shall deprive me of him now:
'Tis but one more to serve in hell."
Then the drunkard looked in blank despair,
But the Judge sat silent, cold, and stern:
And his guardian spirit spake not a word;—
All waited his sad doom to learn.

"Begone!" cried the Judge; and the victim
shrieked

As the demon seized his trembling prey:
When lo! from the earth there rose a prayer
That seemed stern justice's course to stay;
And the gaze of all was turned to earth,
Where a maiden form at an altar prayed
With fervent word for a parent dear
Who long from the path of light had strayed.

II.

It was Christmas eve ; and the holy lamp
Burned bright before the “Throne of Love,”
Where a virgin fair in charity’s garb
Sent up her sighs to the Lord above.
That morn she had bound herself for aye
With the holy vows, “Love’s freeing chains” ;
And her fondest wish was to serve her Spouse
In soothing misery’s ills and pains.

As she prayed for strength to the Lord supreme,
Her mind was borne to a hearthside drear,
Where she knelt by a dying mother’s couch,
Whence death had claimed all life held dear :
And she thought of him who had wrought the woe ;
With all his shame she loved him still,
And her constant prayer through years had been
That Heaven would deign this hope fulfill.

Though a drunkard’s child, her winning grace
Had ranked her ’mong those angels pure
Whose lives are spent in the drunkard’s cause,
For them some haven to secure.
On that Christmas eve this was her prayer :
“Dear Lord, who diedst to make us free,
I ask of Thee one gracious boon :—
Lord, spare my father unto me !

I vow before this sacred shrine,
For him through life full to atone :
O save him from the demon Drink,
O make him once again thine own !
By the sacred thirst that on the cross
Thou sufferedst to atone this sin,
I vow my life shall hence be spent
From the poisoned cup poor souls to win."

The Judge gazed on the victim sad :
The demon screamed, " He *must* be mine."
Again the virgin's prayer arose :
" Sweet Jesus, Jesus, make him thine !"
" Begone," said the Judge ; the demon fled.
The drunkard gazed whence rose the prayer :
The virgin turned her face on high ;
He saw his own child kneeling there.

He felt a thrill run through his frame.
" I must rouse me from this bed of snow ;
I must seek my child and begin anew
A life of virtue here below."
A pleasant warmth brought life again :
He rubbed his half-bewildered eyes
And gazed around ; but, lo, the scene
But filled his soul with deep surprise.

He was not in the night, 'neath the winter's snow,
But safe in a couch that brought him life;
And there knelt by his side an angel form
That seemed like the shade of his sainted wife.
It was the child whose fervid prayer
Had won him respite from his doom;
And she clasped in love his aged hands,
While her words seemed to call him from the tomb.

“Father,” she murmured, “safe at last!”
And she tenderly kissed his wrinkled brow.
Then he clasped her fondly to his breast:
“Naught, naught shall separate us now.
Alas! my God, the past is dark;
At the eleventh hour I turn to thee;
My life, like hers, shall hence be spent
From the demon Drink poor souls to free.”

Like a being from another world,
His life was spent in the noble cause;
And many a wretch in his course of sin
At his words inspired was made to pause.
Like his angel child, in the hovel drear
He sought to soothe the brow of care,—
From the hearth the demon Drink to drive
And place the angel Temperance there.

It is Christmas eve. Fast falls the snow,
Like crystal pearls from the urn of night;
And that noble child kneels by a couch,
Whence a father's spirit takes its flight.
"I go: I hope now in the Judge!
Ah! Jesus, Master, make me thine!"
And she fondly kissed his pallid brow,
And prayed, "Sweet Jesus, make him thine."



THE PILGRIM'S CHRISTMAS.

LONG had been the pilgrim's journey
From the distant Emerald Isle,
Where he'd spent a youth unsullied,
Tarnished not by sin or guile.
Dark the days were then for Erin ;
Cromwell's frown hung o'er the land
Like a cloud of dread destruction,
Blood and ruins on every hand.

Just outside his native village
Stood a ruined abbey vast.
Parents loved to tell their children
Of its glory in the past.
There the pure white-robed Cistercian
Spent a prayerful, peaceful life,—
Served his God and served his neighbor,
Free from earthly aims and strife.

There the new-born babe was carried
To the font of Christian hope ;
There in youth, in age, in manhood,
He was taught with trials to cope,
Taught that life is short and fleeting,
Vainly spent if spent for time,
Taught by deed, and taught by precept,
Man should aim at end sublime.

Now 'twas changed ; alack ! its memory
Lived but in the people's heart.
Time, the tyrant-hand destroyer,
Well fulfilled his ruthless part ;
Fallen church, enclosure, convent,
Broken arches, ruined walls
Covered o'er with moss and lichen,
Naught its glory past recalls.

Joining next the sacred abbey,
Noble Connor's mansion stood :
Rivaled he his friar neighbors —
Rivaled them in all that's good.
Loved he much his dear Cistercians ;
Gave them freely of his lands ;
Proved their sole, their brave, protector
'Gainst the fierce Cromwellian bands.

For when came the fierce Protector,
Sought to seize his abbey dear,
Bold he showed his valiant spirit,
Undeterred by craven fear.
But the tyrant swore he'd have it
(Ever did he what he saith),
Seized the noble lord for treason,
Gave him o'er to traitor's death.

With him stood his faithful abbot —
Faithful to the very last, —
Fortified his noble spirit,
Blessed him as from life he passed.
Sad their parting was, yet hopeful,
As they met in last embrace.
Promised each — on earth — in heaven —
Naught should friendship's love efface.

Just a year had passed when Cromwell
Sent an order in his name :
They should leave their ancient abbey,
Else he'd force his royal claim.
Sware the peasants, " No ! and never
Shall they drive our monks away :
Ever they have gladly served us ;
We love's service shall repay. "

Wroth was Cromwell at the answer, —
Wroth, and feigned him yet content ; —
Bode his time, then an army
Toward the abbey secret sent.
Awful was that scene of slaughter,
Awful was that night of woe ;
Abbot, monks, and church, and convent
Fell beneath fanatic blow !

Then the flame from tower and window
Burst,—lit up the gloom of night;
And the people gazed with horror
At that sad, heart-rending sight.
Flitted here and there, like specters,
White-robed friars but to fall
'Neath the crushing ruins, or, sadder,
'Neath the sword or rifle ball.

Morning shone: the noble abbey
Lay a smoldering, ruined mass.
Faithful hearts and hands were ready
To relieve, but there, alas!
All had fallen,—fifty brethren
Now were numbered of the dead.
Reverent their remains were gathered,
Placed where martyrs' life they'd led.

II.

Twenty years had passed. 'Twas even:
Th' autumn sun had sunk to rest.
Long his golden rays had lingered
On each towering mountain crest.
Breezes aromatic laden
Rose from streamlet's side and dale,
Kissed the mountain tops in passing,
Died away in distant vale.

Close beside the ruined abbey
Sat a youth in reverie deep ;—
Starting sudden, gazed around him
As if roused from heavy sleep.
Connor's son it was (just twenty
Years had shaped his manly grace),
Now returned, from years of study,
To his lovèd native place.

He had heard in early childhood
How his noble father fell,
Sad at death so sudden sent him,
Glad the cause became him well.
Oft around the ruins he lingered,
Memory's place youth's fancy served ;
Now, in dawning manhood's vigor,
Deeper thoughts his spirit stirred.

“Wandering!” cried he, “always wandering ;
Roaming through the buried past.
He who wrought this ruin, fallen
(Tyranny must fall at last).
Sad this spot that once was joyous ;
On the land a dark blight fell.
Ah ! the bitter woes around me
Human tongue can never tell.

Yonder stalks the starving peasant
Followed by his famished brood,
More like beasts than beings immortal
For whom Christ died on the rood.
Here where rose the chant of worship
All is silent as the tomb ;
Here were saints taught, prayed, and suffered,
All is wrapped in death's dull gloom."

Thus he murmured, sitting thoughtful
Where the ancient chancel stood.
Naught was heard but distant sighing
Of the night winds through the wood.
Bowed his head and slept, nor woke he
Till the night full half had fled,
Starting as there passed before him
A white-robed specter from the dead.

Chilled his very blood was in him
At so strange, unearthly sight ;
As the specter led, he followed,
Knowing not he went, for fright.
Then before the ruined altar
Stopped the shade, and bowed to pray ;
Crossed and signed himself and offered
Mass, as priests are wont to say.

Ere he finished, sudden terror
Loosed its hold on Connor's heart.
Gazed he closely. Was he waking?
Was it but of dream a part?
Nay! there stood a white-robed friar
Just like abbot dressed for mass.
Then he signed the cross upon him:
"I will halt him ere he pass."

"Spirit," spake he, "whence thy wandering?
What disturbs thy hallowed rest?
Speak! belike some troth hast broken,
Or some wrong left unredressed?
By the rood and by our Lady,
Tell me! I may thee release,—
Right the wrong, fulfill the promise,
And secure thy spirit peace."

"Listen, Connor," spake the specter:
"Abbot was I here of yore;
Promised I thy dying father,—
Promised,—when he'd be no more,
Thrice a hundred masses would I
Offer for his spirit's rest,
And as pilgrim I or other
Visit places Christ had blessed."

Yet when sudden death came on me,
One sole mass should still be said,
While the journey toward Calvary
I nor other yet had made.
Thus condemned am I here nightly
Mass to offer, then away
As a pilgrim toward Calvary,
Till some friend my ransom pay."

Touched was Connor's heart for pity.
"I thy plighted vow shall pay,
And the sacrifice unoffered
Shall ascend ere dawns the day.
Oft I heard you loved my father;
I in turn my love shall prove:
I shall visit Calvary's summit.
May you share his bliss above!"

III.

Young Connor well fulfilled his promise:
On that morn the mass was said;
Then prepared his journey, giving
Alms for living and for dead;
Left his native land as pilgrim,
To fulfill the abbot's vow;
Trode the way from Bethlehem's manger
Unto Calvary's bloody brow.

This done, he longed once more to visit
Where his Savior dear was born.
He had reached the church of Bethlehem
By the break of Christmas morn.
All seemed lulled to rest around him ;
Calm his spirit was within,
With a peace born but of virtue
In a soul unstained by sin.

Brightly shone in dazzling splendor
From the shrine the welcome rays ;
Sweetly on his spirit sounded
Angels' Christmas chant of praise.
Filled with holy joy, he entered
Bethlehem's grotto, where of yore
Shepherds came and angels chanted,
Th' infant Savior to adore.

Bowed he low in adoration
As he saw the angelic train :
“ *Gloria in excelsis Deo,*”
Sounded in celestial strain.
Sweetly through the sacred grotto
Floats the soft, seraphic praise ;
Heaven opens wide its portals
To the raptured pilgrim's gaze.

There he saw, with soul delighted,
In joys that evermore abide,
His martyred father, and the abbot
Standing glorious at his side.
They were calling him. He answered :
"Jesus, Master ! Ah, I come !"
In that instant he ascended,
Joined them in their heavenly home.

On the morrow white-robed friars
Bare him to his place of rest ;
Laid him as they found him — clasping
Calvary's rood close to his breast.
On his mound the cross was planted.
Read the legend, simple, grand ;
"Pilgrim, passed on Christmas morning
To his true — his native land."

Visions of Saint Paul of the Cross.

PREFACE.

The idea of the following visions was first suggested by reading the circumstances of Saint Paul's visit to Monte Argentaro. It was when worn and spent by a long journey on foot, after having met with failure at Rome, where he applied for an approval of his projected religious society, that God refreshed his spirit by showing him in vision his own future and the future of the Passionist congregation. It was thence he started out with renewed courage to consummate his long-cherished project.

The order of the visions is taken from the beautiful antiphons arranged by the church for his feast. They are replete with beauty, and will well repay careful consideration. To the Children of Saint Paul, who are familiar with his history, these visions will be perfectly clear; to those who are not acquainted with his beautiful life, they may serve as a motive urging them to study it.

Visions of Saint Paul of the Cross.

FIRST VISION.

Sub umbra illius, quem desideraveram, sedi, et fructus ejus dulcis gutturi meo.

I sat down under the shadow of that for which I had longed so ardently; and sweet was its fruit to my palate.

THE VOCATION.

I.

BENEATH the torrid noonday ray,
Earth stricken, parched, and panting lay,
As from his fiery blazoned car
Day's sire his splendor shed afar.
No warbler's joyous note was heard,
No olive grove with zephyr stirred,
No terraced vineyard charmed the eye,
No date palm lured the passer-by
As in that earthly paradise
Where fair Val d'Arno's region lies,
Where luscious fig and orange groves
Kind nature's lavish gifts disclose,

Where vine-tiered mount and tropic plain
Delight th' enchanted eye,
Where fruits of varied year and clime
All deck one season's gracious time,
Where wealth and beauty vie.
But 'twas Grosseto's cheerless shore,
Where noxious marsh lay stretched before,
Where dun and native barren soil
Invites no patient, hopeful toil,
Where sickly growth, unfit the name,
Droops, scarce conceals its parent's shame,
Where flowers morn's dawning smile gave birth
Lie stricken, lifeless on the earth
 'Neath noon's untempered ray,
While now in this Sol's tyrant hour.
All save those creatures of his power —
That venom'd, myriad insect world
Which round in crazy legions whirled —
 Had fled the blighting day.
For in Maremma's noonday breath
There slept the poisoned kiss of death.

II.

Yet one there was who seemed to dare
The noisome marsh, the midday glare.
Ere morn had shed her blushful ray,
Presageful of the radiant day,

His unprotected feet had trod
From Alessandria many a rod.
His robe was shroud of raven hue ;
 The cross shone from his breast ;
Unsandaled feet, uncovered head
(Though noon his blasting splendor shed),
Nor friend nor beast his toil to share,
Armed only with Our Lady's Prayer,
 That ever bringeth rest.
Upon his brow the spring of life
Had writ no trace of baleful strife.
(Seemed sad life's summer, just begun,
Should shroud in gloom its rising sun.)
Men thought, belike, for damning sin
He sought in penance grace to win ;
But who had seen that raptured face,
And in it aught of sin could trace ?
Who gazed into those ravished eyes,
And said they looked not 'bove the skies ?
Though knelt he by the Magdalen's side,
 'Neath the redeeming cross,
Love taught him best how souls to win,
As Christ had borne the form of sin
 To save us heaven's loss.

III.

Though man and nature stricken lay
By Italy's wasting, torrid day,

On, on, his spirit urged him, on,
Though oft the flesh had borne him down.
At morn Ombrone's sulphur wave
Refreshing draught and courage gave ;
Now, parched his lips and weak his frame,
Naught from Maremma might he claim
 Save an unhallowed tomb,
Had hope not cheered his anxious eye
As oft in joy he did descry
Mount Argentaro rising high,
 In rich and varied bloom.
At last, well spent with toil and heat,
Here rest his wearied form did greet ;
Where, gliding from its rocky shore,
The Tuscan sea lay stretched before.
In lazy calm, the varied sail
Await the distant Alpine gale ;
The waves waft in their soothing breeze ;
The shores invite to restful ease ;
While up majestic to the sky
The cherished mount ascendeth high.
Now Paul beholds the entrancing sight,
Where wearied frame might find delight,
Where up the mountain's shaggy side
The shade-ful beech with palm tree vied,
Where from his rocky veins doth flow
 The crystal, living stream,

Where all invites to cheering rest,
Where nature's chosen ones are blest,
 Where poets love and dream.
All this did greet the wearied saint,
More fair than brush or pen can paint :
But, ere his parched and panting breast
By fount or grove should yield to rest,
First knelt he, bowed in thankful prayer,
Thus nature's choicest gifts to share ;
And as he turned his gaze on high
A vision seemed to meet his eye,
For, where the mountain mates the sky,
 He saw redemption's sign.
A mighty cross majestic stood,
That ruled for ages land and flood,
As symbol of the holy rood
 That bore the Lamb divine.

IV.

Now vanished from his ravished sight
Whate'er could wearied flesh delight—
The cooling wave, the inviting fount,
The pleasant vale, the shadeful mount ;
Naught saw he save the sacred cross,
 That held his raptured gaze.
As flies the needle to the pole,
Now to the cross up-spied his soul.

The flesh a godlike power had gained,
The fleeting joys of sense disdained.
Up, up the mount entranced he fled,
And, 'neath the rood where Jesus bled,
 He falls and loving prays,
"Sub umbra illius —'neath thy shade —
With deep desire my rest I've made.
Thee, tree of life, with love I greet;
Unto my lips thy fruit is sweet,
Sweeter than all that earth can give
 Or sateless sense inspire, —
Sweeter than wave to hunted hart, —
Sweeter than honey's sweetest part, —
Sweeter than manna to famished lips, —
Sweeter than goblet that nectar drips, —
 Sweeter than sweetest desire."

v.

Thus prayed he, prostrate as he lay,
Unmindful of the fierce noonday;
For joy divine his spirit stirred,
Celestial words his spirit heard.
Beneath *this shade*, he saw, his life
Should taste its *fruits* of toil and strife.
Through him who died upon the *wood*,
Sweet should this fruit be of the rood !

SECOND VISION.

In meditatione mea exardescet ignis; factus est in corde meo quasi ignis exæstuans.

In my meditation a fire shall flame up; it shall become in my heart a consuming furnace.

THE TEMPTATION.

I.

HAD passed th' ecstatic vision by,
And Thabor was a Calvary !
For, as the saint enraptured prayed,
A deadly charge hell's prince assayed.
A fire not born of heaven's grace
Or virtue's deep desire
Now pierced him with its venom'd dart,
While foe on foe assail his heart,—
Joy's burning sense inspire.
First, pleasure's fair, voluptuous form
Comes deck'd in many a wanton charm
That meets and holds the captive eye
In its delightful thrall.
Ere reason wakes to claim its own
Hath passion made the heart its throne;
And sight to half desire hath grown
'Fore conscience the sad truth hath known.
Alack, 'tis one more fall !

Now fiercer glowed th' unholy flame
Through his unsullied, weakened frame,
And passion whispered to his heart,
“'Tis vain — 'tis vain, the stoic's part !
Life's but a day ; joy, but an hour ;
Decay begins scarce born the power ;
Take — take the bliss kind nature gives ;
Who sates her longings truly lives !”

II.

With horror stricken at the thought,
The saint in Jesus succor sought ;
And as he raised his loving eyes
 Unto the sacred rood,
He saw the Savior's naked frame,
As down his wounded shoulders came
The hallowed streams, in ruddy flow,
That cleansed the Magdalen below,
 Clasping the saving wood.
Damped was the flesh's lustful fire ;
Dispelled, the form's unchaste desire ;
An ardor new, sent from above,
Lit up a flame of chaster love.
“*In meditatione mea*
 A sacred fire shall burn :
My heart doth seem a quenchless flame
That feeds upon thy sacred name.

Begone, ye fleeting joys of sense,—
For evermore I bid ye, hence !
With Christ I'm fastened to the cross ;
For him alone I yearn."

III.

" O riven heart ! O thorn-crowned head !
O bleeding wounds, love's fountains red !
O why have sinners wounded thee,—
Fixed upon the shameful tree ?
O why do sinners wound thee now,—
Crown again thy sacred brow ?
Accept the vow I proffer here :
One joy alone to me be dear —
To suffer with thee on the cross,
Though cost it life and pleasure's loss ! "

THIRD VISION.

Mihi absit gloriari nisi in cruce Domini nostri Jesu Christi, per quem mihi mundus crucifixus est, et ego mundo.

Far be it from me to glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world.

THE TEMPTATION. — (CONTINUED.)

I.

SCARCE o'er flesh was victory won,
The world its charge had bold begun.
Before the youthful saint there passed
Gold's glittering array.
As when the Tempter dared unfold
The glory, power, and wealth untold
Of nations vast before the God
At whose supreme, almighty nod
Worlds are or pass away,
So now ambition's sateless fire
Would flame unhallowed pomp's desire.
High up the mount of fickle fame
Stands glory's priestess, and his name
She seems to write with flaming pen —
"Be thou a ruler over men";
Along power's rugged path her smile
His youthful steps would fain beguile;

While fortune's minions bend the knee
At his triumphant course,
As plenty strews the golden way,
And pomp and power their pride display,
And passions revel — wanton, gay, —
As newer pleasure gilds each day
And drowns the last's remorse.

II.

As gazed the saint up glory's height,
Still higher something met his sight,
Where hung, upon the saving tree,
A God in naked poverty.
No gorgeous pomp or pride was there,
Winning the eye with prospect fair;
No luring pleasures decked the way
With vain and varied wealth's array;
No rabble rent the voiceful sky
As fortune's victim flitted by:
But lone the path and rough the road
That led to Calvary's top,
Where gloom hung brooding o'er the height,
Where sense and flesh ne'er found delight,
But pain and want and cold neglect
And all the world and hell reject
Made many a craven stop.

III.

Not thus our saint: that instant fled
The glitter wealth and power had shed.

“Mihi absit gloriari

Nisi in cruce Domini—

Far from me be it to glory, save
In Jesus' cross, that ransom gave.
Though straight and rugged be the way,
Though glory shed no tinsel ray,
Though Parasceve be sunk in gloom,
Soon bursts the splendor of the tomb.
Save from this mount, no soul ascendeth
To hills eternal, where joy ne'er endeth.
To me the world is crucified,
Through that hard cross where Jesus died;
I to the world on it am dead
In him who for us on it bled.”

FOURTH VISION.

Elongavi fugiens, et mansi in solitudine; et exultavit solitudo, floruit, et germinavit: ipsi videbunt gloriam Domini.

And fleeing, I dwelt in solitude; and the wilderness rejoiced and flourished: and they shall behold the glory of the Lord.

VICTORY.

I.

NOW was the chastening struggle done;
The saint had valiant victory won
Ere full the sun his course had run.
With tempered beam he greets the height
And steeps it in his golden light.
From off the mount eve's fragrant breath
Doth drive day's torrid ray of death,
While zephyrs, fresh from Tuscan wave
Or shadeful valley fair,
Soft fan the mountain's burning brow,
Where all is life and beauty now,
Where flower and shrub no longer bow,
But sway in dewy air.

II.

As prayed the saint, the blooming height
With wonder fixed his ravished sight.
Ne'er sage or sainted anchoret sought

From nature more inviting spot,
To live blest mortal's envied lot.

"Elongavi fugiens

In solitudine.

My God, where nobler choice?
Here nature's beauties mirror thine:
The wooded height, the mount's decline,
The singing stream that glads the vale,
The warbler's cheering matin hail,
Bid man in thee rejoice?"

III.

Still, as he gazed, his wondering eye,
Far nobler scene did now descry

Exultavit solitudo,

Et floruit germinavitque.

The solitude with life was glad,
In native bloom and glory clad.
Where 'neath the cross he'd knelt alone,
Now, as around their monarch's throne,
A noble band was seen to rise,
Who wealth and pleasure's hope despise:
They plant the cross in every clime,
Proclaiming Calvary's truths sublime;
As by the rood they kneel in prayer,
Doth Heaven lend attentive ear;

With somber garb and chastened mien,
Like other Christs on earth are seen,
Forever pointing to the height
Whence beams redemption's saving light.

IV.

Hark ! hear the solemn midnight chant,
 With light and music sweet :
The days of penitential grief,
The gladsome feast that brings relief,
The varied hours of work and prayer,
The joys, the trials all equal share,
 Where all as brothers meet !
Uprose his thankful prayer on high
That Heaven deigned such victory !
“ May every tongue the praise proclaim
Of Jesus ! sacred saving name !
May every heart, fond, loving, share
The sorrows Jesus deigned to bear !
May have our minds one cherished thought —
That Jesus' blood our souls has bought,
 And sealed them as his own ;
That not in vain he trod our earth
To win us life of endless worth ;
That not in vain his blood did flow,
Or fell the lash's cruel blow ;
Not vain he for our pardon cried ;
Not vain he for our ransom died.”

FIFTH VISION.

Dominus dedit mihi linguam eruditam, ut sciam sustentare eum qui lapsus est, ut mederer contritis corde, ut consolarer lugentes.

The Lord hath given me a ready tongue, that I may lift up the fallen, that I may heal the contrite of heart, and console those that are in sadness.

THE MISSION.

I.

NOW had the gladdened saint forgot
The trials and heats that were his lot.
With higher bliss would Heaven still
His ravished, panting spirit fill.
From sin-stained mortals rose a cry
That up the mount ascended high ;
And, like resistless flaming dart,
It pierced his all-beloving heart
And fired his soul with ardent glow
As forth he saw, in crimson flow,
Five ruddy streams from Calvary's rood
 Bemoist the sin-steeped earth,
As, eld, in earthly paradise,
From Heaven's throne took mystic rise,
The five life-giving streams that flowed
Through man's fair, whilom glad, abode.

II.

"Dominus dedit mihi linguam !"

Cried the ravished saint.

"The Lord a winning tongue hath given,
That I may lead lost souls to heaven."

And at this call do sinners kneel

Beside these founts of life ;

And in their grace-restoring wave

Each sin-encrimsoned soul doth lave,

That, sunk beneath its scarlet weight,

Now rises robed in spotless white.

Full oft he soothed, like heavenly balm,

And brought to wearied spirits calm,

Or raised poor mortals stricken low

Beneath sin's death-begetting blow.

Oft shared he with the sinking heart

Of sorrow's pains a loving part,

Or cheered the soul that terrors pierce,

Or dried the mourner's hopeless tears.

III.

The torrid, wearing day was done,

Had sunk in gloom the tyrant sun,

Fast swept the trailing robe of night

Across the even's falling light,

O'ershrouding nature's life and bloom

In damp and darkness of the tomb,

As saw the saint beneath the rood
The souls he laved in Jesus' blood
Increase into an army vast,
O'er all, its rayless shroud night cast ;
And on him dread and terror came,
As if death would its victim claim,—
Hell now its final charge would dare,
And crush his spirit in despair.
But firm he raised his trusting eyes —
His soul seemed borne beyond the skies,
Where burst upon his anxious view
 A sun of deathless morn.
Fast fled the doubt and dread away ;
All now was joyous, lightsome day,
As up his gladdened spirit rose
Unto the mount of love's repose,
 By flaming spirits borne.

GLORY.

*O animarum venator, Evangelii præco lucerna fulgens, Paule !
didicisti sapientiam in vulneribus Christi ; confortaris ad labores in
sanguine Christi : gentes ducis ad pœnitentiam per Passionem
Christi : accipe coronam justitiæ de manibus Christi.*

O glorious Saint Paul, ardent seeker of souls, bright herald of the Gospel message ! Thou hast learnt wisdom in the wounds of Christ ; in the blood of Christ wert thou strengthened to toil for souls ; by Christ's passion didst thou lead sinners to penance : receive the crown of justice from the hands of Christ, thy Savior.

ODE.

I.

HEAR the hymns of praise ascending,
Tones of rapturous gladness swelling,
From each ransomed soul upwelling :
“ Glory, glory, peace unending,
Joy and bliss in sweet love blending.”

II.

Calvary's gloom has passed away ;
All is glorious Easter day.
See the demons stricken fly
Back to hell,
There to tell
Of a saint's ascent on high.
Angels bear his soul along,
Chanting glad, celestial song,

On through heaven's joyous way,—
On to heaven's endless day,—
On before the Godhead's throne,
One in three, and three in one!
There his soul in exultation
Bows in lowly adoration.
“Who, O God, is like to thee
In unending majesty?”
Angels catch the sweet refrain,
Chant it proudly forth again.
“Who, O God, is like to thee—
Thou whose being is To Be—
Save who died upon the tree,
Died to make poor mortals free!”
Heaven's Lord then spake divine:
All attend his grand design.
“Thou, my son, shalt be like me:
Thou shalt share my majesty.
Through him who died upon the tree
Thou shalt reign forever free!
No more sorrow, no more pain,
Grief, or trial shall come again;
Bliss untold without alloy
Be thy deathless, sateless joy.”

III.

As they gazed in bliss enraptured
On th' ecstatic sight,
Up the cross in glory rose :
Bright like sapphire gems it glows ;
Myriad angels to it cling, —
Loud their songs adoring ring !
“*Sub umbra illius*—neath thy shade” —
Murmured the saint, “ my rest I made :
Here forever be my rest,
Here forever be it blest.”
Down before the Father's throne
Heaven's legions bow.
On his soul like balm it fell :
Choirs could now his glory tell,
As upon his virgin brow
Heaven's bright aureola fell.

IV.

“ Glory, glory be to thee,
Glory through eternity !”
Seraphs catch the glad acclaim,
“ Endless glory to thy name !”





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